



(THE)
SCOTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
—BY—
R. A. SMITH.
VOL. I



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PREFACE

TO THE

SCOTISH MINSTREL.

IN presenting the **SCOTISH MINSTREL** to the Public, we trust that we have amply fulfilled the engagements into which we entered in the Prospectus,—not only by the careful selection of the Airs, but also by the addition of Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, composed expressly for the work, and in a style which, it is hoped, will be found to support the voice without overwhelming it. As this improvement formed no part of our original plan, the Lovers of Scottish Song must be satisfied of our anxious desire to render it as generally acceptable as possible. With regard to the Music and Poetry, we can truly say that it is national, as we have scrupulously avoided the insertion of any airs or verses, however beautiful, that are not of Scotish origin.

The Scots have been often accused of claiming the Irish music as their own, and though we wish to act fairly by them, we cannot but doubt the exclusive right which, in many instances, has been asserted in favour of the sister country. Burns says, “ The wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers, used to go frequently errant through the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both.” From this intercourse, the itinerant minstrels of either country might widely disseminate their tunes, and each nation might gradually mould them to its own peculiar character. Of this many instances, we think, may be traced. The air adapted in this collection to Burns’ song, “ *The gloomy night is gathering fast*,” which we carefully noted from the singing of an aged Highland woman several years ago, is very like, in the second strain, to a well-known Irish tune. If it be of Irish origin, the Highlanders have altered it to their own scale, which gives it quite a Scotish character; but may not the Irish have taken the same liberty? The similarity of “ *I lo’ed ne’er a laddie but ane*,” to the air, claimed by the Irish, “ *My lodging is on the cold ground*,” is also very striking; yet this air has long been considered in Scotland to be of native growth. The air adapted to “ *Lord Ronald came to his lady’s bower*,” which has never, that we are aware of, been committed to writing till now, and which ap-

pears to be formed from the same materials, has been from time immemorial known among our peasantry ; and “ *The widow’s wail*” seems to have been constructed from it. The curious in these matters may amuse themselves with tracing several others, in which the ground-work will be found the same, while the super-structure varies in its features according to the distinguishing characteristics of the two countries. We think, therefore, that this point can never be satisfactorily determined ; and if we have inserted any disputed airs, we must just make our apology in the words of an old song, and say,

“ Ireland is a fine countrie,
And the Scots to them are kin.”

Besides the songs familiar to every Caledonian, many hitherto unpublished will be found in this collection,* which, we doubt not, will be highly relished by those who prefer the simple “ breathings of nature” to the laboured combinations of art. Not a few of these wild flowers have been gathered from the peasantry of our country. Several of them, from their extreme simplicity, and the scale from which they are framed, must satisfy every one acquainted with the characteristics of Scottish music, that they are the compositions of minstrels of a remote age. Many of the Jacobite songs and airs were taken from the withered lips of *auld kimmers and carles, whase bluid yet warms at the remembrance of Prince Charlie.*†

According to the plan of this work, several airs have been arranged to the simple stanzas of olden time, in preference to the more polished verse of modern days ; for this we need make no apology to him who feels that

“ Each simple air his mother sung
Placed on her knee, when helpless young,
Still vibrates on his ear !”

* For many very important contributions of this kind, we have been indebted to several correspondents, who have sent us their offerings with no restriction, but that their names should be concealed.

† Our obligations have been particularly great, in this way, to old Alister M’Alpine, an eccentric, but worthy character, well known in the “ west countrie ;” who sings snatches of these Jacobite relics, when they happen to burst on his fast-decaying memory, with a degree of enthusiasm which we scarcely remember to have seen equalled. It is much to be regretted, that some person had not committed his songs to writing before the encroachments of time had so far impaired his recollection ; we feel happy, however, in having been the means of preserving from unmerited oblivion what yet remains, as in a few short years, in all human probability, they would have no longer been in existence.

But, besides our predilection for old rhymes, we fear our good taste will be called in question, for admitting so many liltts and rants into the collection; and some may even reckon them silly, and perhaps vulgar. We appeal, however, to all true Scotish hearts, if these ditties, with all their defects, have not a nameless charm, an undefinable attraction, associated, as they often are, with our earliest and fondest recollections, and

“ Intwined with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.”

Some beautiful verses, from Leyden, Fergusson, Tannahill, Gall, the Ettrick Shepherd, &c. will be found in these volumes, which were never before united to music; and many of the best songs of Burns, and other well-known lyric poets, adorn their pages.

It may appear extraordinary to some of the unqualified admirers of Burns, that we should exclude any of his standard songs from this collection. In some instances, this has arisen from accidental circumstances not worth explaining, and in others, from design; for though we deeply feel his beauties, and exult in him as a countryman, yet we have made it an invariable rule to prefer dulness to wit, if it bordered on profanity, and doggerel rhyme to all the witchery of poesy, when the bard could not “claim the palm for purity of song.” A wise philanthropist has said, “Let who will make the laws, but let me make the ballads.” Convinced of the force of this remark, and of the influence, good or evil, which the union of poetry and music must have, we have been most anxious to preserve our pages unsullied by any thing likely to offend against delicacy or decorum. As the hours of recreation are the most critical for morals, it is of the utmost importance that virtuous feelings be excited in the mind by those exercises of which that recreation consists. When disengaged from the active pursuits of business, and during the hours of relaxation and festivity, no higher virtues can be brought before our view than those of friendship, love, patriotism, hospitality, and good humour; in no form can they be introduced more acceptably than in that of song; and they never appear more delightful, than when chanted to such artless and simple music as awakens the feelings and penetrates at once to the heart.

That these untutored effusions, which come more immediately under the denomination of National Melody, possess, in an eminent degree, the power of making deep and powerful impressions, none we believe will have the hardihood to deny; however little they may be relished by persons destitute of musical feeling on the one hand, or on the other by those who, lost in the labyrinths of musical science, can derive gratification only from suspensions, fugues, and other mechanical contrivances—the dry and elaborate pedantries of art. To the first description of

persons we shall make no reply ; but to those who affect to despise these artless strains on account of their extreme simplicity, we do not hesitate to give it as our opinion, that, while many of the laboured productions of art shall gradually be growing antiquated, and at length be lost in the shifting revolutions of fashion,—so long as human passions and human feelings remain the same, the simple effusions of nature will be fondly cherished and listened to with rapture.

We beg, however, not to be misunderstood on this subject, as none can have a greater relish than ourselves for many of the beautiful compositions of classical composers ; and none, we presume, have received higher gratification from those charming specimens of melody, united to the most exquisite and powerful harmony, that have been given to the world by a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven. We only desire to advocate the cause of simplicity and nature, particularly in music united to poetry ; for we are perfectly aware, that the human voice is wonderfully supported by a chaste instrumental accompaniment, and that when good harmony is attached to pleasing melody, the effect is truly enchanting.

The opinion, that our melodies are more indebted to the feelings of nature than the exertions of art for their existence, appears, we think, to be founded on just grounds. Music and song are natural to mankind—they have one common origin—both of them proceed from the native sympathies and susceptibilities of the heart ; and according as the heart is affected with joy or sorrow, they will be gay and sprightly in the one case, or sad and plaintive in the other, and will express all those varieties of emotion with which the mind may be affected by the prosperities and adversities of life.

The primary scale of music has been ever the same throughout the habitable globe ; and although the music of each country might possess a character peculiar to itself, varying according to the different manners and dispositions of its inhabitants, yet its general features must be nearly the same ; and it is only when society has attained some degree of refinement, and music has assumed somewhat of the character of a science, that those more artificial modes of composition can find place. Thus it is very evident, that the *fourth* and *seventh* in the major mode, and the *second* and *sixth* in the minor mode, were not introduced until music came to be cultivated as a science ; and the flat seventh in the major mode, which gives such a tender and impassioned expression to so many of our melodies, although now in some measure ancient, was certainly not to be found in the music of very remote ages.

For the amusement of those who may be curious to trace the antiquity of our airs, we shall subjoin a few observations and quotations.—A late writer on Scottish music remarks, that “ The excellence and sweetness of the Scottish melodies has been widely felt and frequently acknowledged. How so much

sweetness came to be infused into the strains of a rude people, compelled to contend with a barren soil, a tempestuous climate, and frequently involved in the horrors of anarchy and civil discord, are questions which have been often put, and considered to militate against the opinion of their being very ancient. By whom, or under what circumstances, a great number of the Scotch melodies were composed, it is now impossible to ascertain; and to approximate by inference, that a very considerable number of them are ancient, is perhaps all that ever will be attainable on this subject."—Dr Johnson says, "A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth: he will always love it better than inquiry; and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it."—We have no wish to deny this charge on our nationality, as we indeed love Scotland, though, we hope, not better than *truth*; we therefore shall proceed to inquiry. On Mr Tytler's inference, that the songs of "*Waly, waly*," "*O, laddie, I maun lo'e thee*," and "*Hap me with thy petticoat*," from their artless simplicity, belong to an age prior to the reign of James I., Ritson observes, "There is in fact no bound to conjecture; and it would be just as easy, and possibly just as true, to fancy that all the Scotch songs and tunes, as now extant, were sung and played every day before Fingal, as he sat in his great chair after dinner, 'drinking the blude-red wine';" and again, "Scotch traditions are to be received with great caution."—We may remark, that though Tytler's inference cannot be satisfactorily established, still it is consonant with probability. But it will be proper to fix a time before which music may be termed *ancient*. Taking Dr Busby as sufficient authority, it is defined thus in his Dictionary:—"The epithet *ancient*, when applied to the term *music*, is not, as when conjoined with the word *literature*, to be referred to the productions of the classical Greeks and Romans. The eleventh century of the Christian era arrived before the appearance of Guido's scale. To the age of De Muris (the fourteenth century) we are indebted for the introduction of the bass, tenor, and treble cliefs; and half of the seventeenth century had elapsed before the art was attained of composing in a plurality of real and distinct simultaneous *parts*. It is therefore chiefly to the composers of the early part of the eighteenth century that the expression *ancient music* properly relates, and indeed it seldom alludes to productions of an earlier date."—The justness of the preceding definition is supported by Dr Burney, when treating of the introduction of the reitative into the Italian music:—"Till this time," says he, "musicians were chiefly employed in gratifying the ear with the 'concord of sweet sounds,' without respect to poetry, or aspiring at energy, passion, intellectual pleasure," &c.

Claudio Monteverde, who was, as it is generally thought, the first composer of the musical drama called *Opera*, published a set of madrigals in 1638, in the

preface, to which he says, that “ he is the first who has attempted to express the livelier passions.” Still it is not single melody; and in the compositions of Italian masters of the present day, we frequently see prefixed to particular movements, and even to whole pieces of music, the term *Alla Scozzese*; which does not always signify that the style is directly Scotish, but that it is so far of a *Caledonian cast*, or *tinge*, as to remind us of the Scotish music. If the Italians had originally been possessed of this kind of style, would they have made this open acknowledgment? Certainly not; and their employing the term is evidence sufficient that they are conscious of its not being their own invention. Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who died in 1614, and who appears to have been esteemed as the first musician of his day, is candidly acknowledged by Tassoni to have been an imitator of our King James I. All the Scotish historians agree in James’ being an admirable performer as well as composer. *They*, however, may be suspected of partiality to their king; the testimony of an illustrious foreigner is therefore much to be prized:—“ Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in canto, ma trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, lamentevole e mesta, differente da tutte l’altre. Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, Principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età, ha illustrata anch’ egli la musica con nuove mirabili inventioni.” See Tassoni “ *Pensieri Diversi*,” lib. 10.—It would therefore be unnecessary to dilate upon the vague hypothesis that has assigned an *Italian origin* to our Scotish airs. Before hazarding any opinion upon their origin, it will be proper to ascertain if there are sufficient documents to warrant designating any of them *ancient*.

Allan Ramsay published his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and a Collection of Tunes or Airs, for the songs in that work, was published in 1725; and they are described in the preface as “ having an agreeable gayety and sweetness, that makes them acceptable wherever they are known; and what farther adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and being universally known.” This is certainly sufficient to entitle them to the appellation of *ancient*; but, as this is advancing about one quarter into the eighteenth century, we shall refer to earlier documents.

We have seen two MS. Collections,* which consist principally of Scotish airs, written for the *Viol de Gamba*. The first is dated, Glasgow, 1683, and the second, 1692. They contain nearly the same airs, and are evidently in the hand-writing of the same person. The names attached to several of them are different from those by which they are now known; which plainly proves, that

* In the possession of Mr Andrew Blaikie, engraver in Paisley.

other songs were sung to them at that period: for instance, “Nancy’s to the greenwood gane,” is called “*Tow to spin* ;” “My mither’s aye glow’ring o’er me,” “*A health to Bettie* ;” “*Lochaber no more*,” “*King James’ march to Ireland* ;” “*Tweedside*,” “*Doun Tweedside*.” There are many other well-known tunes, a few of the most popular of which we shall mention, viz.—“*Allan water*,” “*Where Helen lies*,” “*For lack of gold she left me*,” “*Haud awa’ frae me, Donald*,” “*Maggie, I must love thee*,” and “*The last time I came o’er the muir*.” “*Kathrine Ogie*” was sung by Abel in 1686; “*Waly, waly*,” is in an antique Medley-book, 1666; “*Leslie’s march*” was known in 1644; “*Tak your auld cloak about ye*” is mentioned in *Othello*, written about 1611; “*O’er the hills and far awa’*,” and “*Brose and butter*,” were both popular before the Restoration; “*John Anderson*,” and “*Kind Robin lo’es me*,” are said to have been used as chants in the Catholic church. “*John Anderson*,” from its compass, simplicity, and chasteness, might have had the honour of being chanted in that service, and accompanied by the “*kist fu’ o’ whistles* ;” but it is fully as probable, that even *John* was an associate of the profane ballads of his day, along with other vagrants of the olden time. The fact we believe is, that instead of the secular music being any way indebted to the music of the church, the Reformers seized upon the most popular national airs as fit companions to their satirical songs upon the Papists. “*John Anderson*” may then be considered prior to 1590; “*The banks of Helicon*,” and “*The wooing of Jock and Jenny*,” may be dated at 1586; the air of “*Whig migmorum*,” mentioned by Skinner in “*Tullochgorum*,” is about the same age; and the battle of Harlaw, in 1411, gave birth to a famous pipe-tune, which was a great favourite till the middle of the 17th century. It is provoking to search, and search in vain, for tunes which appear to have been great favourites with minstrels, pipers, poets, and the populace, from the 15th to the end of the 16th century. “*Hunts up*,” “*Hey trix cum trixie*,” and “*The day it dawes*,” noticed familiarly by Douglas, Dunbar, and Sempil, are no longer known, unless they exist under other titles. “*Gilderoy*” is commemorative of the outlaw M’Gregor, executed in the reign of James V. “*Johnny Armstrong*” was a famous freebooter, who suffered in the same reign. In “*Scotland’s Complaynt*” the shepherds have a dance named *Johnny Ermstrang*. It is likely that these are coeval with the events they record. Of “*The flowers of the Forest*,” commemorative of the battle of Flodden, 1513, the Editor of the “*Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border*” states, that the first and fourth lines of the first stanza are old, as well as the tune. The old song began thus :

“ I’ve heard a lilting at the ewes milking.”

• • • • • • •

“ The flowers of the Forest are all wede away.”

The rest of the song was written by a lady of Roxburghshire. Another lady favoured him also with a line of the old song, which runs thus :

“ I ride single on my saddle ;
For the flowers of the Forest are a’ wede away.”

“ *The Souters of Selkirk*” is another, which takes its origin from the fatal field of Flodden. Tytler relates the peculiar circumstances of the Selkirk souters ; but Ritson seems to have had considerable scruples of conscience, and discredits it, because some wag at Aberdeen told Dr Johnson that *the Scots learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell’s army*. “ Hey tutti tatti” is said to have been the march played to Robert Bruce’s troops at the battle of Bannockburn. This has been doubted ; because Barbour mentions nothing but the blowing of horns. Other instruments, however, besides horns were in use prior to this period. Bromton, an Irish chronicler in the reign of Henry II., says the Scots had the *lyre*, the *tympano an choro*. Now the *choro*, or *chorus*, is found to be “ a musical instrument made of a skin, with two brass pipes—the one to be blown into, the other to let out the sound ;” and the bagpipe is an instrument of great antiquity among the northern nations. Though there is nothing but tradition to rest on, the want of instruments will not hold good as an objection.

“ *The bonnie Erle o’ Morray*,”* and many other old songs and ballads, we have been obliged to exclude, for the present, from the pages of the Scottish Minstrel, for want of room ; but, from the liberal contributions that have been sent us, we have a store of materials, which are now in preparation for a Supplementary Volume. There are some Scotish bards to whom we have not had the courage to make any application ; but if they would twine a wreath for the Minstrel, proud would he be to wear it. We now send him forth, with all his imperfections on his head, like other Minstrels, to wander through the mountains of his native land—to traverse the green wilds of Erin, and the sequestered vales of Cambria ; and, we trust, to be hospitably received “ ’mong merry England’s cultured fields.”

* Slain by Huntly in 1592.

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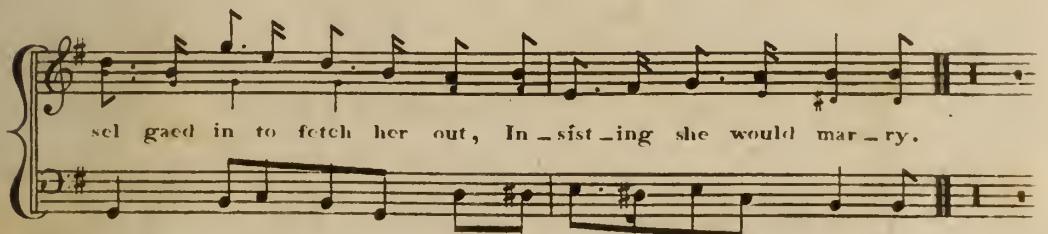
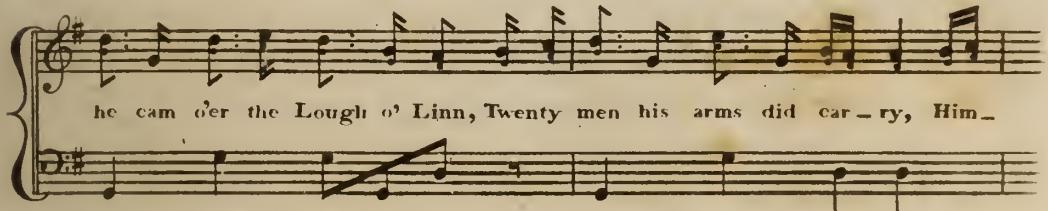
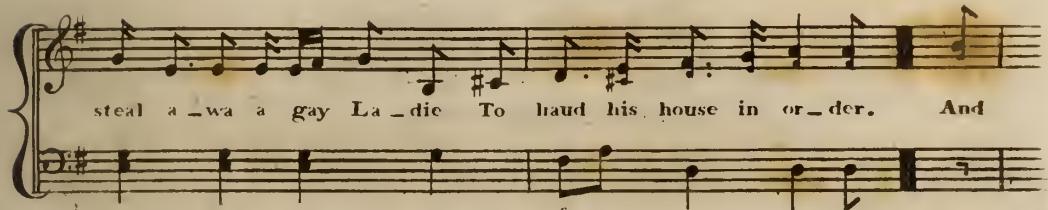
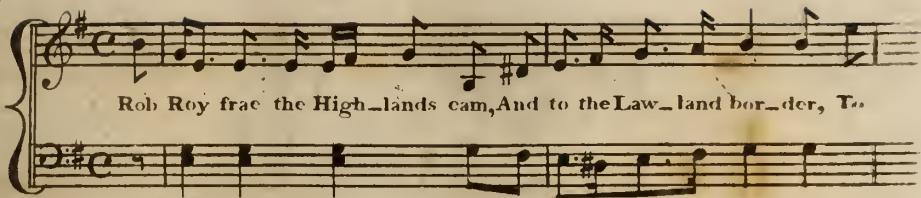
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ROB ROY M^GREGOR.

"Oh will ye gae wi' me?" he says,
 "And will ye be my honey?
 And will ye be my wedded wife?
 I loe ye best o' ony."
 'I winna gae wi' you,' she says,
 "Ye ne'er can be my honey;
 I winna be your wedded wife,
 Ye loe me for my money?"

"But ye sal gang wi' me," he said,
 "And nae mair words about it;
 And sin' ye'll no gang wi' your will,
 Ye sal gang without it?"
 He set her on a gude black steed,
 Himsel tap on ahint her,
 And he's awa to the Hieland hills
 Whare her friends canna find her.

"Rob Roy was my faither ca'd,
 M^G Gregor was his name, Lady,
 He led a band o' heroes bauld,
 An' I am here the same, Lady.
 Be content, be content,
 Be content, and bide, Lady;
 For thou art my wedded wife
 Until thy dying day, Lady.

"He was a hedge unto his friends,
 A heckle to his foes, Lady,
 And every ane that durst him wrang,
 They had gude cause to rue, Lady.
 I'm as bauld, I'm as bauld,
 I'm as bauld, and mair, Lady;
 And he that dares dispute my word,
 Sal feel my gude claymore, Lady."

O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST.

Slow

O rag-ing for-tune's with'ring blast Has laid my leaf full low!
O rag-ing for-tune's with'ring blast Has laid my leaf full low!

My stem was fair, my bud was green, But luckless fortune's northern storms
My blossom sweet did blow; Laid a' my blossoms low;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, But luckless fortune's northern storms
And made my branches grow. Laid a' my blossoms low.

O LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Lo-gie o' Buch-an, O Lo-gie the Laird, They hae
ta'en a-wa Ja-mie that delv'd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe wi' the
vi-ol sae sma; They hae ta'en a-wa Ja-mie, the flow'r o' them a'.

Chorus.

He said, "think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang a-wa;" He said, "think na lang,
 lassie, tho' I gang a-wa; The simmer is com-in, cauld
 winter's a-wa, And I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a?"

Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a haddin, and siller forby;
 But I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said, "think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a?"

My Daddy looks sulky, my Minny looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a Daughter can do,
 And blythe were their lassie, gin they wad lo'e you.

He said, "think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa;
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a?"

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the Laddie that lo'e'd me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha' o't when he gaed awa.

But simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a?

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

Chorus.

Lively Wilt thou go, my bonnie Lassie, Wilt thou go, my braw Lassie,

Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, Lassie. Tho'

Donald hae nae mic-kle frase, Wi' law-land speeches fine, Lassie, What

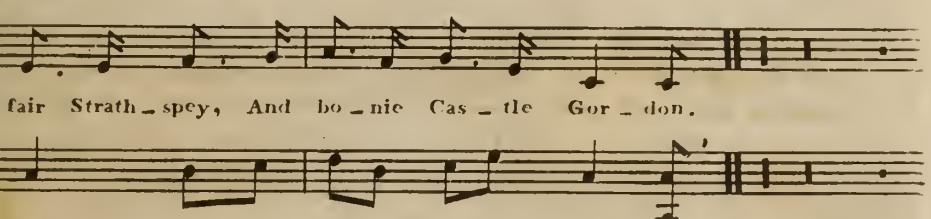
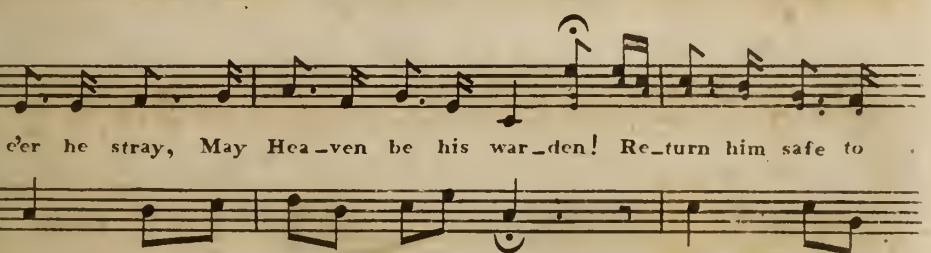
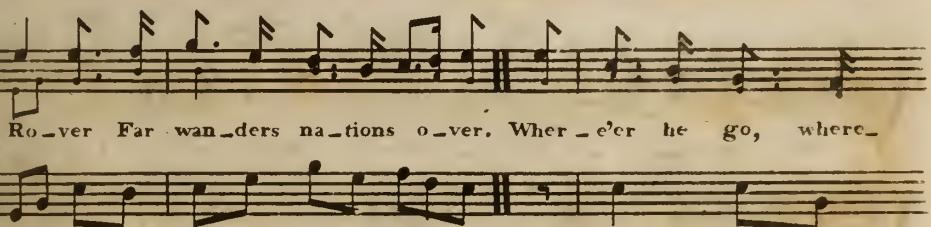
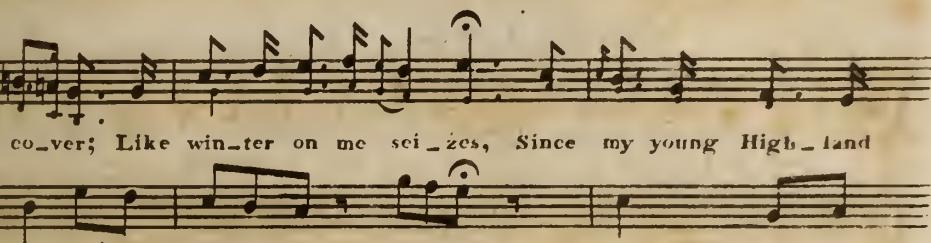
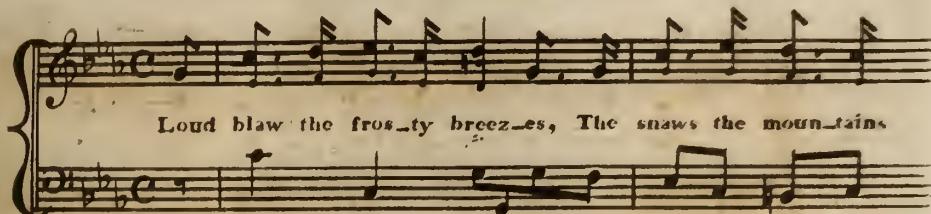
he'll im-part comes frac the heart, Sae let it be frac thine, Lassie. D.C.

When simmer days cleed a' the braes
 Wi' blossom'd broom, sae fine, Lassie,
 At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
 My flocks shall a' be thine, Lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
 The ptarmigan, sae sly, Lassie,
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
 Nae want shall thee come nigh, Lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par, wi' canny care,
 I'll, wiley, skim the flie, Lassie;
 Wi' sic-like clear I'll please my dear,
 Then come awa wi' me, Lassie.
 "Yes, I'll go, my bonnie Laddie,
 Yes, I'll go, my braw Laddie,
 Ilk joy and care, wi' thee I'll share,
 Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, Laddie?"

5
THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.



The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging;
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing;
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When, by his mighty Warden,
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

Slowly

No cruel fair shall ever move,
My injur'd heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!
Ye pow'r's above, I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she's forever left me, Oh!

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GARES UPON'T.

In moderate time.

rare upon't; But Jenny's simple Jir_ken_et, O, I think mickle mair upon't. My
 La_dy's white, my La_dy's red, And kith and kin o' Cas_sil_is blude; She
 has baith lands and tocher guude, By Lords and Knights my La_dy's wood. My
 La_dy's gown there's gares up_on't, And gow_den flow'rs sae rare up_on't; But
 Jen_ny's sim ple Jir_ken_et, O, I think mic_kle mair up_on't.

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,
 Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,

A lily in a wilderness.

My Lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
 The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
 Like laughing love 'sae playfu' swims.
 My Lady's gown, &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest
 Wi' gowden flowers around her waist;
 But the bonniest flower in a' the west
 Is the Lassie that I loe the best.
 My Lady's gown, &c.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

A_wa, Whigs, a_wa, 'A_wa, Whigs, a_wa; Ye're but a
 pack o' traitor louns, Ye'll do nae good a_va. Our thris_tles
 bloom'd sae fresh and fair, And bo_nie were our ro_ses; But Whigs cam
 owe us like frost in June, And with_erd a' our Po_sies.

Our antient Crown's fa'n in the dust,
 D_l blind them wi' the stowre o't,
 And write their names in his black buik,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
 Awa Whigs, awa, &c.

Our sad decay, in Kirk and State,
 Surpassés my descriving;
 The Whigs cam our us like a flight —
 And we hae done wi' thriving —
 Awa Whigs, awa, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 Wae's me! to see that royal heads
 Are hunted like a maulkin,
 Awa Whigs, awa, &c.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

O this is no my ain Lassie, Fair tho' the Lassie be; For
 weel ken I my ain Lassie, Kind love is in her e'e. She's
 bonny, blooming, straight, and tall, And lang has haen my heart in-thral, And
 aye it charms my ve-ry saul, The kind blink that's in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face
 That weel may wi' the fairest place,
 But wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind blink that's in her e'e.
 This is no, &c.

A thief sae punky is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light is lovers'een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.
 This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clarks;
 But weel the watchful lover marks
 The kind love that's in the e'e.
 This is no, &c.

THE CARLE HE CAM O'ER THE CRAFT.

The carle he came o'er the craft, And his beard new sha'ven,

Glow'r'd at me as he'd been daft; The carle trows that I'll hae him,

Howt a-wa, I win-na hae him; Na, for-sooth, I'll no hae him,

New hose and new' shoon, And his beard new sha'ven.

The earle has nae faut but ane,
For he has lands and dollars plenty;
But, waes me! he is Sixty-ane,
An' I am little mair than twenty.
Howt awa! I winna hae him;
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him;
What signifies his dirty riggs
An' cash, wi' sic a man wi' them.

BUNCAH RAKIBSON.

A musical score for a single melody. The top staff is in common time (C) and treble clef, with lyrics: "There was a lass, they call her Meg, And". The bottom staff is in common time (C) and bass clef, with a continuous bass line. The music consists of two staves and lyrics.

she held o'er the moor to spin; There was a lad that
fol - low'd her, They ead him Dun - - can Da - vi - son.

The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh, Her fa - vour
Dun - - can cou'd - na win; For wi' the 'rock she
wad him knock, And ay she shook the tem - per - pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green;
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
"A weel," says she, "then let it be,
I like the omen weel weel,
I've been your scorn frae e'en to morn,
Now, turn me like a spinnin wheel!"

"We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en?
A man may drink and no be drunk,
A man may fight and no be stain,
A bonny lass may change her mind,
And e'en tak Duncan Davidson.

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

Slow with
Expression

Now clos'd for aye thy coal-black een, That fondly gaz'd on me, O Willy, And

life-less lies that manly form, I aye was fain to see, my Willy. Ah!

luck-less hour, thou strave for hame, Last night across the Clyde, dear Willie, This

morn a stiffen'd corse brought hame, A lake! tis hard to bide, O Willy.

The owl hooted sair yestreen,
And thrice the soot it fell, — dear Willy;
The tyke cam late, and howl'd aloud,
It seem'd the dying knell o' Willy.
Deep were the snaws, keen were my woes,
The bairns oft cried for thee — their Willy,
I trembling said, he'll soon be here, —
The wee things ne'er clos'd e'e, for Willy.

And when I saw the thick sleet fa',
A bleezing fire I made for Willy;
Then watch'd, and watch'd, as it grew dark,
And I grew mair afraid for Willy.
I thought I heard the pony's foot,
And ran thy voice to hear, — ah, Willy,
The wind blew hollow, but nae sound
My sinking heart did cheer, — O Willy.

The clock struck aye, — the clock struck twa,
The clock struck three and four, — no Willy,
I thought I heard the pony's foot,
And flew to ope the door to Willy.
The pony neigh'd — but thou wert lost!
I sank upon the snaw, for Willy;
Thy wraith appear'd e'en where I lay,
And whisper'd thou wert drown'd — O Willy!

The moon was up, in vain I sought
The stiffen'd corse o' thine, lost Willy,
'Twill soon, soon mingle wi' the dust,
And near it sae will mine, — O Willy.
Gae dry your tears, my bairnies five,
Gae dry your tears o' sorrow, dearies,
Your father's cares are at an end,
And sae will mine ere morrow, dearies.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

When I think on this world's pelf, And the
 lit - tle wee share o't I hae to my - self, And
 how the Lass that wants it is by the Lads for - got, May the
 shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
 But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
 He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat:
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 And Jockie says he loves her, and swears he's me forgot:
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

But a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free!
 For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's no worth a groat;
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

PEGGY I MUST LOVE THEE.

As on a rock, past all relief, The Shipwreck'd Coo-lin, spying His
 na-tive Soil, o'er-come with grief. Half sunk in waves and dy-ing. With
 the next morning sun he spies A ship, which gives.un-hop'd sur-prise; New
 life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, and waits her mo-tion.

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted;
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be forever parted;
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtu'e more engaging.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Fare-well to Lochaber, and fare-well my Jean, Where heart some with

thee I have mony days been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, We'll

may be return to Lochaber no more. These tears that I shed, they are

a' for my dear, And no for the dangers attending on weir; Tho' borneon rough

seas to a far bloody shore, May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave the behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be,
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I shouldchanceto come gloriously hame,
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Slow,
with
Expression.

With wae_fu'heart and sor_ow-ing ee, I saw my Ja_mie

sail a_wa! O 'twas a fa_tal day to me, That day he

pass'd the Ber_wick Law! How joy_ess now seem'd all be Hind! I

ling_ring stray'd a_long the shore; Dark bo_ding fears hung

on my mind, That I might ne_ver see... him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main —
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
The wreck was seen with dawning day;
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the gloomy Isle of May.

O Boatman, kindly wast me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burthen'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb:
With sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,
And tend them thro' the langsome year;
I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,
With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

17
PRINCE CHARLIE HE'S CUM OWRE FRAE FRANCE.

Prince Charlie he's cum owre frae France, In Scotland to pro-

claim his dad-die, May Heaven still his cause ad-vance, and shield him

in his Hie-land plai-die. O my bon-nie Hie-land, Lad-die! My

hand-some char-ming Hie-land Lad-die! May Heaven still his

cause ad-vance, and shield him in his Hie-land plai-die.

First when he cam to view our land,
The gracefu' looks o' the Princely laddie
Made a' our true Scots hearts to warm,
And blythe to wear the tartan plaidie.
O, my bonie, &c.

But when Geordie heard the news,
How he was cum afore his daddie,
He thirty thousand pound wad gie
To catch him in his Hieland plaidie.
O, my bonie, &c.

But tho' the hieland lounks are puir,
Yet, O their hearts are leal and steady;
An' there's no aue amang them a'
That wad betray their Hieland Laddie.
O, my bonie, &c.

WILL YOU GO TO SHERIFFMUIR.

Will you go to Sheriffmuir, Bauld John o' Innisture, There to see the
 noble Mar, And his Highland Laddies. A' the true mea o'the north, Angus, Huntly,
 and Seaforth, Scouring on to cross the Forth, Wi' their white cock-a-dies.

There you'll see the banners' flare,
 There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
 And the trumpets deadly blare,
 Wi' the cannon's rattle.

There you'll see the bauld McCraws,
 Camerons, and Clanronald's raws,
 And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
 Rushing to the battle.

OH! HAME, HAME, HAME WAD I BE.

Oh! hame, hame, hame wad I be; Oh! hame, hame to
 my ain coun-trie; The green leaf o' loyalty's be-gun for to fa', The

bon - nie white rose it is with' - ring a - wa. The
 leal o' the land, a' wha ven - tur'd to save, The green grass is
 grow-ing, al-as! on their grave: They liv'd, and they died wi' true loy - al -
 tie, And lang will be mourn'd in their ain coun - trie.

Oh! Hame, hame, fain wad I be,
 Hame, hame to my ain countrie;
 Oh! there 'mang the glens to wander my lane,
 And greet in the gloamin' for those wha are gane.
 Of battles triumphant — to me, dinna tell —
 My Donald he conquered — my Donald he fell!
 Ye may rejoice — but my sorrow forgie,
 Wi' me they will mourn in my ain countrie.

Oh! Hame, hame, to tell whan we're glad,
 Oh! Hame, hame, to sigh whan we're sad!
 Hame frae a world of fell cruelty;
 Hide me, ye mountains, frae a' treacherie,
 There's nought now frae ruin our countrie can save,
 Traitors deserting, and fallen the brave —
 Wi' hopes a' withered — wi' tears in their ee,
 The wand'rers return to their ain countrie.

The Law-land lads think they are fine; But Oh, theyre vain and

wondrous gau_dy! How much un-like that grace_fu' mien, And manly looks of my

High-land Lad_die. O my bon_nie, bon_nie High-land Lad_die!

O my hand_some High-land Lad_die! When I was / sick and

like to die, He row'd me in his High-land plai_die.

If I were free, at will to chuse,

To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,

I'd tak young Donald in his trews,

His bannet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,

Than that his love prove true and steady
Like mine to him, which ne'er can end,

While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie.

O my bonny, &c.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

A Highland lad my love was born, The Law-land laws he
 held in scorn; But he still was faith-fur' to his clan, My

Chorus.

Gal-lant braw John High-land-man! Sing, hey, my braw John
 High-land-man! Sing, ho, my braw John High-land-man! There's
 not a lad in a' the lan' can match wi' braw John High-land-man.

Wi' his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And gude claymore down by his side,
 The Ladies hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

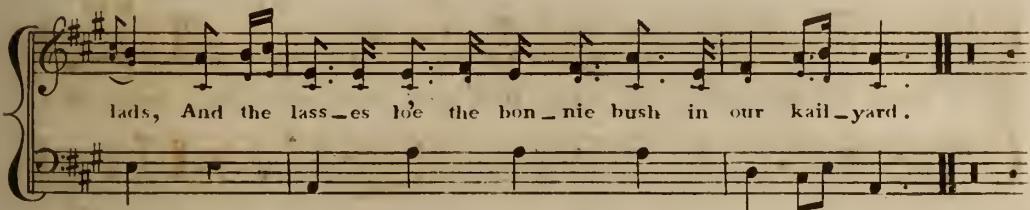
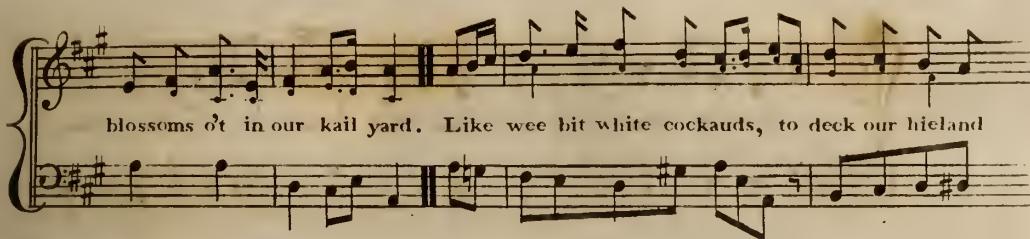
JOY OF MY EARLIEST DAYS.

Joy of my ear - liest day, How shall I leave the
 Theme of my fond - est lays, How canst thou grieve me! grieve me!
 When mem'ry o'er the past shall stray, Ma - ry, be - lieve me,
 Thy heart will mourn that day Thou didst de - ceive me. ceive me.

Hide not the struggling tear;
 Fain would I borrow
 A twilight of hope, to cheer
 From thy soft sorrow.
 Tho' clouds obscure our northern sky,
 Darkning its gleaming,
 Still will the wanderer turn his eye
 Where light was streaming.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard, And white are the



"But were they a' true, that were far awa?

Oh! were they a' true, that were far awa?

They drew up wi' glakit Englishers at Carlisle ha',

And forgot auld frien's, when far awa.

"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye've been;

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green;

Ye loed owre weel the dancin at Carlisle ha',

And forgot the hieland hills, when far awa.

"He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;

A feather in his bannet, a ribbon at his knee;

He's a bonny hieland laddie, and you be na he?"

"I ne'er loed a dance but on Atholl's green;

I ne'er loed a lassie but my dory Jean;

Sair, sair against my will, did I bide sae lang awa,

And my heart was ay in Atholl's green at Carlisle ha?"



The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yard;

The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yard;

A blast blew oure the hill, that gae Atholl's flowers a chill,

And the bloom's blawn aff the bonny bush in our kail-yard.

Sair,sair was my heart when I par_ted frae my Jean; An'sair,sair I

sigh'd,while the tears stood in my een; For my daddie is but poor, an' my for_tune is sae

sma'; It gars me leave my native Cale_doni_a. When I think on days now gane, an'sae

happy's I hae been, While wand'ring wi' my dear, where the primrose blaws unseen; I'm

wae to leave my lassie, an'daddie's cot aya, Or to leave the healthfu'breeze o'Cale_doni_a.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,
 Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever been;
 Then, tho' ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear them a';
 Tho' a'ft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still be true,
 Then blaw, ye fav'ring breeze, till my native land I view;
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfelt tear shall fa';
 And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, MY SWEET BETTY.

25

Blink over the burn, my sweet Betty, Blink over the

burn, love, to me; O lang ha'e I look'd, my dear Betty, To

get but a blink o' thine e'e. The birds are a' sport-ing a -

round us, And sweet-ly they sing on thê tree; But the voice o' my

bon-nie sweet Betty, I trow, is far dear-er to me.

The ringlets, my lovely young Betty,
That wave o'er thy bonnie e'e-bree,
I'll twine wi' the flow'rs o' the Mountain,
That blossom sae sweetly, like thee,
Then come o'er the burn, my sweet Betty,
Come over the burn, love, to me;
O sweet is the bliss, my dear Betty,
To live in the blithk o' thine e'e.

O! THOU HAST SEEN THE LILY FAIR?

O! thou hast seen the lily fair, All bath'd in morn'ning
 dew? And thou hast seen the lovely rose, Just openning to the view?
 The lily bath'd in morn'ning dew, The rose so fair to see, Are
 not more pure than her I love, Are not more fair than thee.

But soon before time's withering blast,
 The rose and lily fade;
 Nor ev'n will beauty such as thine
 Outlive its darkening shade.
 Yet there is that within thy breast
 Will ruthless time defy,
 A mite will bloom when beauty fades,
 Will flourish in yon sky.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

Oh! what had I to do for to marry, My wife she drinks

naething but sack and canary; I to her friends complain'd right early,

O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly! Hoo-ly and fair-ly,

hoo-ly and fair-ly, O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie;
 Now she has drukken my bonny grey' mairie,
 That carried me thro' the dub and the fairie;
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

She has drukken her stockins, sae has she her shoon,
 And she has drukken her bonny new gown;
 Her wee bit dud sark, that co'erd her fu' rarely;
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,
 But she drinks my claihs that I canna well spare;
 To the kirk and the market I gang fu' rarely,
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

The vera grey mittens that gaed on my hands,
 To her neebour wife she has laid them in pawns;
 My bane-headed staff, that I loed sae dearly,
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

If there's ony siller she mann keep the purse;
 If I seek but a baubee, she'll scould and she'll curse;
 She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparingly;
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;
 E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley;
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
 But when she sits down she fills hersell foul,
 And when she is foul she's unco camstairie;
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
 She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jads;
 And I, my ain self, an auld doited Carlie;
 O, gin my wife woud drink hoo-ly and fair-ly!

FRENET' HA?

Quhair will I lay my hede, Quhair lay my bo - die
 downe? Quhair for na am I deid, Sin' wan - drin I benc bowne O!
 Ma - rie, ze war fair - er Than - o - nny gowd or gear! O,
 bot my herte is sair - er Than't has benc mo - ny zeir!

“O! blythsome was the time
 That I hae spent wi’ theo;
 Aft kiss’d that cheik o’ thine,
 As ze sat on my knee!
 But cauld thou art now, bairnie,
 O, dull thy blinkin’ e’!
 Quhairfor do I heir tarry,
 And canna win to thee?”

He sat downe on a stane,
 His hame was far awa;
 He sicht an’ made a mane,
 An’ sicht, O, Frenet Ha!

GET' UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor, O;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Get up and bar the door, O?"

"My hand is in my hussif-skap,
Goodman, as ye may see, O,
An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
Its no be barr'd for me, O?"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O,
That the first who shou'd speak the foremost word,
Shou'd rise and bar the door, O.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light, O.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house?
Or whether is it a poor, O?"
But never a word wad aye o' them speak
For barring of the door, O.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black, O;
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet ne'er a word she spak, O.

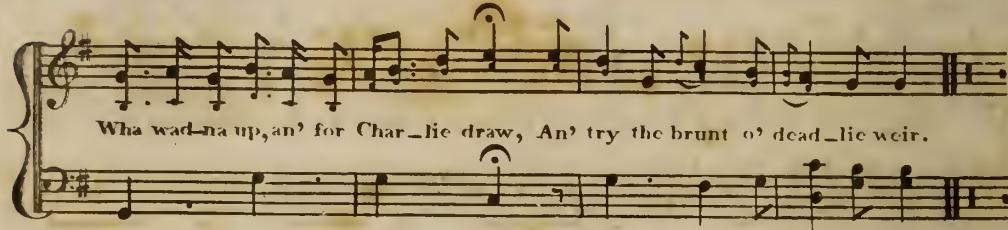
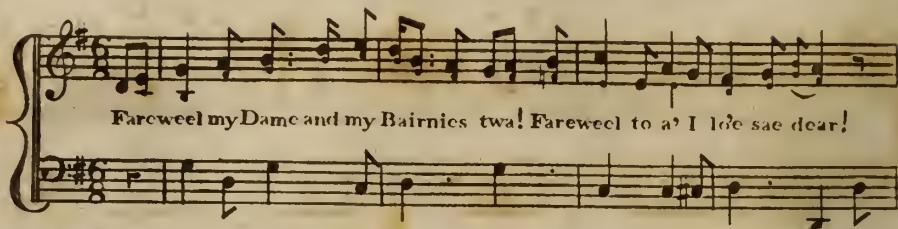
Then says the tane unto the tither,
"O now I'm unco dry, O;
The anrie door its stannin wide,
Gae see what ye can spy, O?"

"O here's a bottle o' Whisky, fu',
Just ready to my han' O;
Ye's drink to me, and I'se drink to you,
And soon we'll toom the Can, O?"

Then up startéd our goodman,
And an angry man was he, O,
"Ye's pay for it wi' a broken crown,
That pries my Barley brie, O?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O,
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O?"

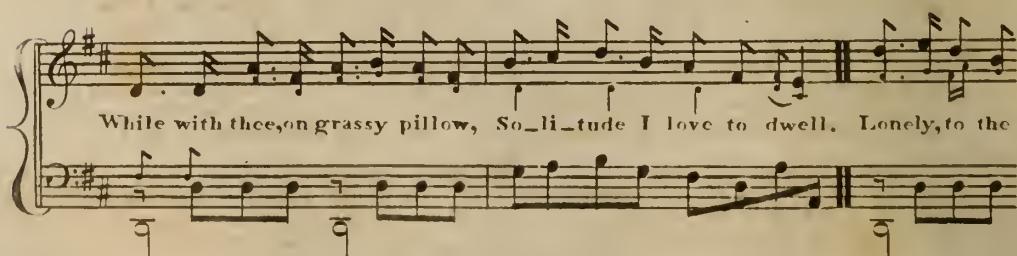
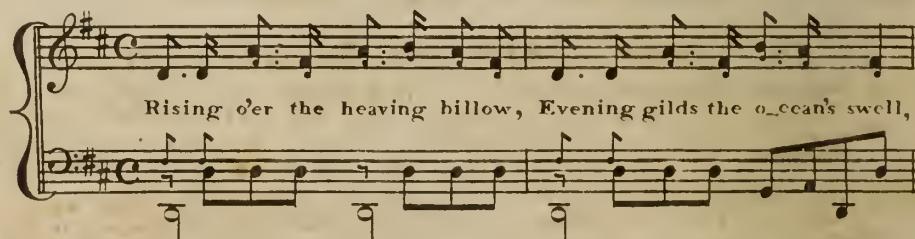
FAREWEEEL MY DAME AND MY BAIRNIES TWA!



Here's to Charlie, an' weel may he be;
 Up, thou Piper, an' loudlie blaw;
 The Clans are a' kilted to the knee,
 An' soon they will drive the whigs awa.

Our glens are deep, an' our hills are steep,
 Their airy summits are co'erd wi' snaw,
 An' the white rose that waves in Charlie's bonnet,
 It never will wither, it never will fa'.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.



sea-breeze blowing, Oft I chant my love-lorn strain; To the streamlet, sweetly flowing,
 Murmur oft a lover's pain. 'Twas for her, the Maid of Is-lay, Time flew o'er me
 wing'd with joy; 'Twas for her the cheering smile aye Beam'd with rapture in my eye.

Not the tempest raving round me,
 Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll;
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
 While her Image fill'd my soul.
 Farewell days of purest pleasure,
 Long your loss my heart shall mourn;
 Farewell hours of bliss, the measure,
 Bliss that never can return.
 Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
 Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
 On the past with sadness pond'ring,
 Hope's fair visions charm no more.

O MARY, SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL! Same Air.

(He) O Mary, sweetest maid, farewell!
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck;
 Heaven guard your love, and heal your heart,
 Tho' mine, alas! I fear, maun break.

(She) Dearest lad, what ills betide?
 Is Willie to his love untrue?
 Pledged this morn to be your bride,
 Ah! ha ye? ha ye taen the rue?

(He) Ye canna wear a ragged gown,
 Or beggar wed wi' nougat ava;
 My Kye are drown'd, my house is down,
 My last sheep lies aneath the snaw.

(She) Tell na me o' storm or flood;
 Or sleep a'smoord ayont the hill;
 For Willie's sake I Willie lo'e'd,
 Tho' poor ye are my Willie still.

(He) Ye canna thole the wind an' rain,
 Nor wander friendless far frae home,
 Cheer, cheer your heart, some richer swain
 Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.

(She) I'll tak my bundle in my hand,
 And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee;
 I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,
 I'll wander wi' ye o'er the sea.

(He) Pardon, love, 'twas but a snare,
 The flocks are safe, we needna part;
 I'd forfeit them, and ten times mair,
 To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

(She) How could ye wi' my feelings sport,
 Or doubt a heart sae warm and true;
 I should wish mischief on ye for't,
 But canna wish ouch ill to you.

The half of the second strain must only be sung to the additional Song.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

Chorus.

Lively

The Camp_bells are com_in', O-ho O-ho! The Camp_bells are



co_min', O-ho, O-ho! The Camp_bells are com_in' to bon_nie Loch_

le_ven; The Camp_bells are com_in', O-ho, O-ho! Up_on the Lo_mons I

lay, I lay, Up_on the Lo_mons I lay, I lay; I looked down to

bon_nie Loch_le_ven, And saw three bon_nie perch_es play. End with
the Chorus.

Great Argyle he goes before,
He maks his cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The Campbells, &c.

O, WEELE'S ME ON MY AIN MAN.

O, weel's me on my ain man, my ain man, my ain man! O weel's me on my

ain gudeman! He'll ay be welcome hame. I'm wae I blam'd him yes-ter-night, For

now my heart is feather light, For gowd I wad-na gie the sight, I

see him linkin owre the height. O, weel's me on my ain man! My ain man, my

ain man; O, weels me on my ain gude man! He'll ay be welcome hame.

Rin, Jeanie, bring the Kebbuck ben,
 An' fin' aneath the spreckl'd hen;
 Meg, rise and sweep about the fire,
 Syn cry on Johnnie frae the byre;
 For weel's me on my ain man!
 My ain man, my ain man;
 For weel's me on my ain gude man!
 I see him rinnin hame.

GO, BRING TO ME A PINT O' ALE.

Go, bring to me a pint o' ale, That I may drink the health o' Annie; An' ev'ry ane, be'fore I sail, Maun drink to her that's guid an' bonnie. Ye say I'll no lang constant be, But I ken weel, I ne'er can alter; She is the pride o' a' the plain, The bonnie Lass o' Annan Water.

My Mither greets to part wi' me,
 But langer here to bide I eanna;
 The Lassie's wae I too can see,
 Tho' ne'er a word she says, my Annie.
 Fareweel, fareweel, a' I lo' dear!
 Grit's my heart, and maist I falter:
 Nae rest, nae joy will light on me,
 Till I return to Annan Water.

Annан Water's wading deep,
 And my love Annie's wond'rous bonnie;
 And I am laith she suld weet her feet,
 Because I luve her best of ony.
 "Gar saddle me the bonny black;
 Gar saddle sune, and make him ready;
 For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
 And a' to see my bonny Lady."

He has loupen on the bonny black,
 He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;
 But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,
 I think the steed was wae and weary.
 He has loupen on the bonny gray,
 He rade the right gate, and the ready:
 I trow he wad neither stint nor stay,
 For he was seeking his bonny Lady.

O he has ridden owre field and fell,
 Thro' muir and moss, and mony a mire;
 His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
 And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.
 "Now bonny grey, now play your part!
 Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
 Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
 And never spur salt mak ye wearie?"

The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare,
 But whan she wan the Annan Water,
 She could na ha'e ridden a furlong mair,
 Had a thousand marks been wadded at her.
 "O boatmen, boatmen, pit aff your boat!
 Pit aff your boat for gowden monie!
 I cross the drumlie stream the night,
 Or never mair I see my honey?"

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
 And not by ae aith, but by many;
 And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
 I dare na tak ye through to Annie.
 O he has poult aff his drapperpy coat,
 The silver buttons glanced bonny;
 The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
 He was sae full o' melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail,
 I wot he swam baith strong and steady;
 But the stream was braid, and his strength did fail,
 And he never saw his bonny Lady.
 "O wae betide the frush saugh wand!
 And wae betide the bush o' brier,
 It brake into my true love's hand
 When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

And wae betide ye, Annan Water,
 This night that ye are a drumlie river!
 For over thee I'll build a bridge,
 That ye never mair true love may sever?"

O meikle thinks my Luve o' my beauty, And meikle thinks my Luve
 o' my kin; But lit_tle thinks my Luve I ken braw_lie, My tocher's the
 jew_el has charms for him. It's a' for the ap_ple he'll nou_rish the
 tree; It's a' for the hin_ey he'll cher_ish the bee; My lad_die's sac
 meikle in love wi' the sinner, He can_na hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an aile_penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad by;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a
 sil- ver tas-sie, That I may drink, be- fore I go, A ser- vice
 to my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, Fu'
 loud the wind blows frae the Fer-ry, The Ship rides by the
 Ber-wick Law, And I maun leave my Bon-nie Ma-ry.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes, deep and bloody!
 It's not the roar o' sea, or shore,
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war, that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my Bonnie Mary.

Slow and
Tender.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest! Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!

Thine be il-ka joy and treas-ure, Peace, en-joy-ment, love, and pleasure.

Ae fare-weel, and then we se-ver! Ae fare-weel, a-las! for ev-er!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Wha can say that fortune grieves him,
While a ray of hope she leaves him?"
But nae-cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met —or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Slow and
Tender.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest! Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!

Thine be il-ka joy and treas-ure, Peace, en-joy-ment, love, and pleas-ure.

I'll ne'er blame my par-tial fan-ey, Nae-thing could re-sist my Nan-ey;

But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and love for ev-er.

Chorus.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fair-est! Fare thee weel, thou best and dear-est!

Thine be il-ka joy and treas-ure, Peace, en-joy-ment, love, and pleas-ure.

Wha can say that fortune grieves him,
While a ray of hope she leaves him?
But nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.
Fare thee weel, &c.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare thee weel, &c.

Betty early gone a may-ing, Met her lo-ver

Wil-lie stray-ing, Drift or chance no mat-ter whe-ther,

Thus, we know, he rea-son'd with her: "My dear Bess, let love in-

cline thee To tak the heart which he de-signs thee, And as your constant

slave re-gard it, Syne for it's faith-ful-ness re-ward it.

"Dearest maid! nay, do not fly me;
 Let your pride no more deny me;
 Never doubt your faithful Willie;
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 Oh, dear lassie! tis but daffin
 To haud your woer ay niss naffin,
 That, na, na, I hate it viley;
 Oh, say yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee."

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came, Where Jock-y speel'd the yessels' side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, When Jocky's tost aboon the tide.

Far aff to distant realms he gangs, Yet I'll prove true, as he has been, And when ilk lass a-bout him thrangs, He'll think on Annie his faith-fu' ain.

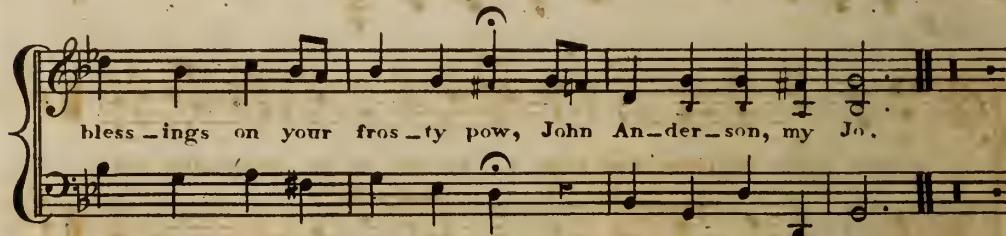
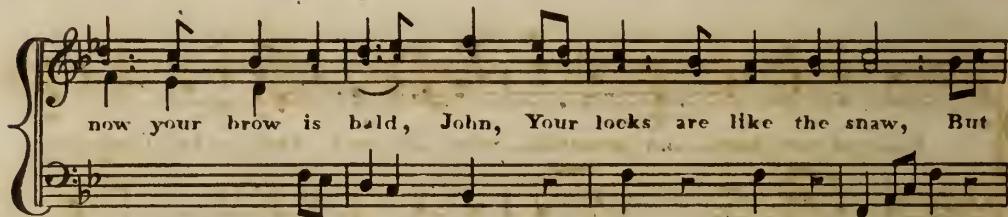
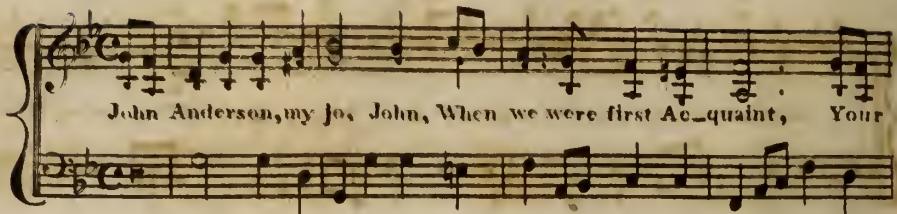
Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in siller shine:
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

O MARY! I HAD KNOWN THEE LONG. Same Air.

O Mary! I had known thee long,
Amid the gay, the thoughtless throng,
Where mien leaves modesty behind,
And manner takes the place of mind:
Where woman, tho' delightful still,
Quits Nature's ease for Fashion's skill,
Hides, by the gaudy gloss of art,
The simple beauty of her heart.

And born to lift our souls to heaven,
Strives for the gaze despised when given,
Forgets her being's godlike power
To shine the wonder of an hour:
Oft had I sigh'd to think that thou,
An Angel fair, could stoop so low;
Regret rose from thy causeless mirth
That Heaven could thus be stain'd by Earth.

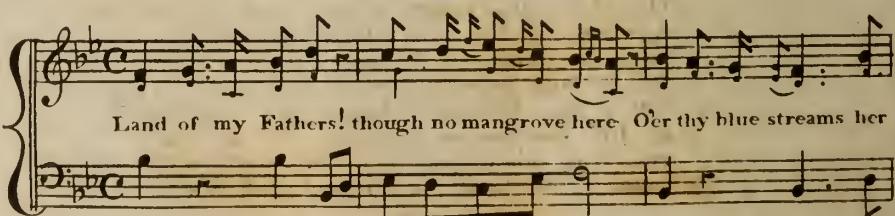
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.



John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill the gither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John;
 But hand-in-hand we'll go,
 And sleep the gither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

With Spirit
& Feeling



flexile branches bear, Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot, Nor luscious

guava wave her yellow fruit, Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;

Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free! Free as his Lord the

f

peasant treads the plain, And heaps his harvest on the groan-ing wain.

Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
 And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might:
 Dear native vallies! may ye long retain
 The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain;
 Long, mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
 May rural innocence and beauty meet;
 And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
 From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm!

Then, ^{*}Jedworth, though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
 And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
 From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
 And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie;
 Still in these vales shall Angel harps prolong,
 By Jeds pure stream a sweeter ev'ning song
 Than long processions, once with mystic zeal,
 Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

* The old Abbey at Jedburgh.

LEWIE GORDON.

Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame, And the lad I winna name;

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa'.

Tenor.

Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh my bonnie Highland-man!

Treble.

Chorus

Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh my bonnie Highland-man!

Bass.

Weel woud I my true love ken A-mang ten thou-sand Highland-men.

Weel woud I my true love ken A-mang ten thou-sand Highland-men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi;
Oh hon! &c.

The Princely youth that I do sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.
Oh hon! &c.

Oh! to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne;
Disasters a'would disappear;
Then begins the Jub'lee year.
Oh hon! &c.

I wish I ken'd my Mag-gie's mind, If she's for me or
 Tam-my; To me she is but pas-sing kind, She's cauld-er
 still to Tam-my. An' yet she lo'es mé no 'that
 ill, If I be-lieve her Gran-ny; O, sure she maun be
 wond'-rous nice, If she'll neith-er hae me nor Tam-my.

I've spier'd her ance, I've spier'd her twice,
 And still she says she canna;
 I'll try her again, and that maks thrice,
 And thrice, they say, is eanny.
 Wi' him she'll hae a chaise and pair,
 Wi' me she'll hae shanks-naggie;
 He's auld and black, I'm young and fair;
 She'll surely ne'er tak Tammy.

But if she's a fuil, and lightlies me,
 I'se e'en draw up wi' Nancy;
 There's as guid fish into the sea
 As e'er cam out, I fancy..
 And tho' I say't that shou'dna say't,
 I'm owre guid a match for Maggie;
 See mak up your mind without delay,
 Are ye for me, or Tammy?

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my
 win-some mar-row; Busk ye, busk ye my, bonny bride, And let us
 to the braes of Yarrow. There will we sport and ga-ther dew,
 Dan-cing, while lav-rocks sing in the morning; There learn frae tur-tles
 to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorn-ing!

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blytness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks more fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

Same Air.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 When first on them I met my lover!
 Thy braes, how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover!
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
 To bear me to his father's bowers;
 He promised me a little page
 To squire me to his father's towers;
 He promised me a wedding-ring,
 The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas! his watery grave's in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met,
 My passion I as freely told him;
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him.
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost,
 It vanished with a shriek of sorrow!
 Thrice did the water wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

His mother from the window looked,
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister, weeping, walked
 The greenwood path to meet her brother.
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look,
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
 Alas! thou hast no more a brother;
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough,
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow;
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow!
 The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow!

Shrilly shriek'd the raging wind, And rudely blew the blast; Wi'
awsome blink, thro' the dark ha' The speed-y light-ning past. "Oh!
bear ye nae, frae mid the loch, A-rise a deadly grane? Sae
ever does the spi_rit warn, When we sum detha maun mane.

"I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,
Ye are nae safe wi' me;
What wae wald fill my heart, gin ye
Shoud in my castle dee."

"Ye need nae feir, my Ladye deir,
I'm ay safe when wi' thee,
And gin I maun nae wi' thee live,
I here wad wish to dee?"

His man cam running to the ha'
Wi' wallow cheek belyve;
"Sir John Monteith, your faes are near,
And ye maun flee or strive!"

They socht the castle till the morn,
Whan they were bown to gae;
They saw the boat turn'd on the Loch
Sir John's corse on the brae.

"What count syne lead the cruel knicht?
"Three spiermen to your ane!"
I reddy e, flie, my master deir,
Wi' spied, or ye'll be slain?"

"Tak ye this gown, my dear Sir John,
To hide your shining mail;
A boat waits at the hinder port,
Owre the braid loch to sail.

"Oh! whatten a piteous shriek was yon,
That soughed upon my eir?"
"Na piteous shriek, I trow, Ladye,
But the rough blast ye heir?"

THE BRAES O' BALQUITHER.

Will ye go, Las-sie, go, To the braes of Bal-quith'er? Where the
 blae berries grow 'Mang the bon-nie Highland heather, Where the deer and the
 rae, Light-ly sport-ing the-gether, Sport the lang sim-mer day 'Mang the
 braes o' Bal-quith'er. Will ye go, Las-sie, go, To the braes of Bal-
 qui-th'er? Where the blae berries grow 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather.

I will twine thee a bow'r
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain.
 Will ye go, &c.

I will range thro' the wilds,
 And the deep glens sic dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils
 To the bow'r o' my deary.
 Will ye go, &c.

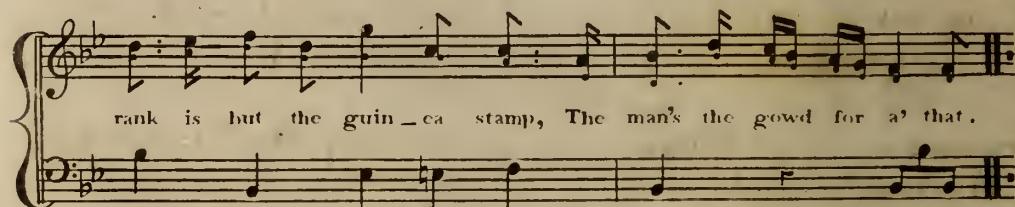
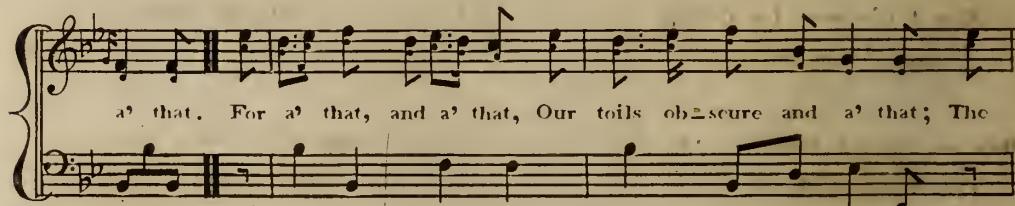
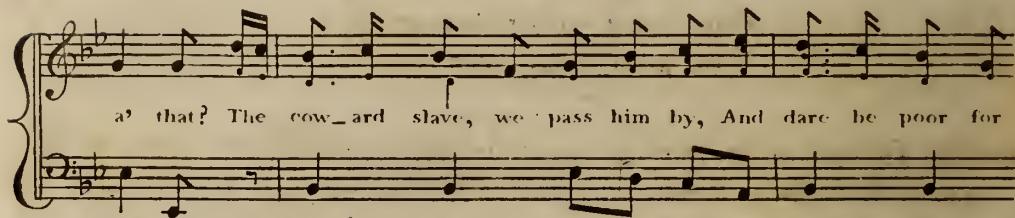
When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the lin
 On the night breeze is swelling.
 Will ye go, &c.

So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 'Till the dear sheeting rain
 Wi' the light-lifting chorus.
 Will ye go, &c.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming.
 Will ye go, &c.

To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balquith'er.
 Will ye go, &c.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.



What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, though o'er sae poor,
Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind
Can look an' laugh at a' that.

A King can mak a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks then a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

O GEORDIE REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD!

Same Air.

O Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead!

I'm grievid, but scorn to sha' that;

I'll no cast down, nor hang my head,

On Rebel Whigs for a' that.

And a' that, and a' that,

And thrice as mickle as a' that,

I'll no cast down, nor hang my head,

On Rebel Whigs for a' that.

But still I'll trust in Providence,

He wears a broad Sword by his side,

And ay I'll laugh at a' that;

He kens weel how to draw that;

And sing he's owre the hills the night,

The Target and the Highland plaid,

That I lo'e weel for a' that.

The shoulder belt, and a' that.

And a' that, &c.

And a' that, &c.

He's far beyond Killabrad the night

A bonnet bound wi' ribbons blue,

That I lo'e weel for a' that;

The white cockade, and a' that,

He wears a Pistol on his side,

He wears, that owre the hills this night,

That maks me blyth for a' that.

That I'll gae wi' for a' that.

And a' that, &c.

And a' that, &c.

The Highland Coat, and Philabeg,

The Whigs they think that Willies mine,

The Tartan trews, and a' that,

But 'leed they mauna fa' that;

He wears, that's owre the hills the night,

They think our hearts will be cast down,

That I'll go wi' for a' that.

But well be blyth for a' that.

And a' that, &c.

And a' that, &c.

For a' your powder'd perri-wigs,

And a' your muslin cravats,

And a' your fifteen hundred marks,

You'll no be King for a' that.

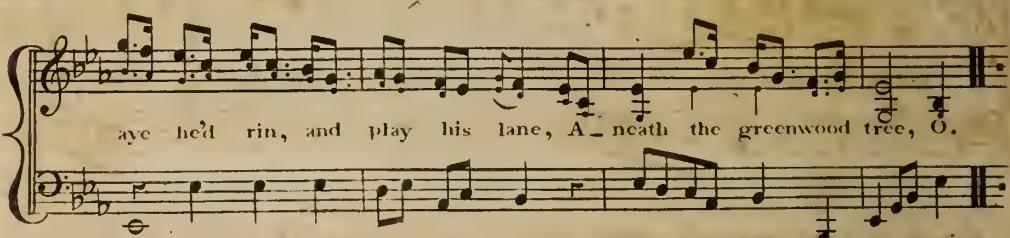
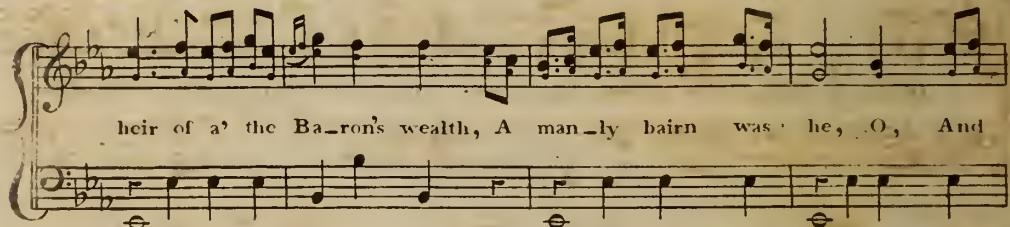
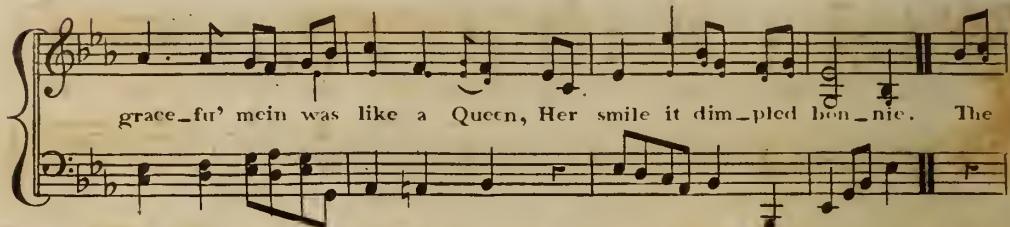
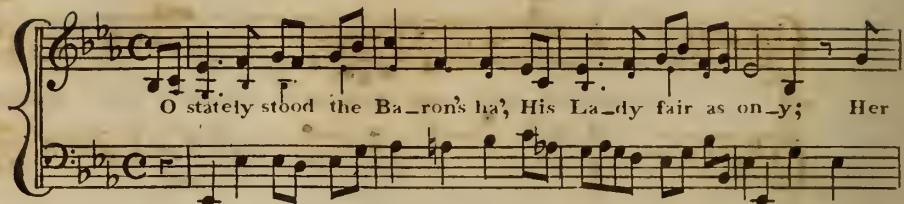
And a' that, and a' that,

And thrice as mickle as a' that,

He's coming down aboon Dunkeld,

Will be our King for a' that.

O STATELY STOOD THE BARON'S HA'.



But wae, wae was the heavy' mane,
Gaed thro' that Castle ha', O,
When gloamin cam, ae simmer's e'en,
Young Ronald was awa, O.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
O north and south they sought him,
And noble was the offered boon
To them that wad ha'e brought him.

The Lady pined, her cheek grew wan,
The wound was past a' curin',
And the bowers whar first she fostered him,
Were past her heart's endurin'.
The lovin' Lord wi' tender care
Took her to wander far, O,
And the only thought ere dried her ee,
Flew aboon the mornin star, O!

Her feckless frame could little bide,
Slow turned the tardy wheels, O,
They saw a nut-brown, bonny boy,
Fast rinnin' at their heels, O.
"Stay, Faither, Mither, stay for me!
I'll never never leave ye!
It was na me that gaed awa,
'Twas the gypsies took me frae ye?"

Now, tell wha may, their joy that day,
Wha ne'er thought joy to meet, O;
Fresh roses budded on her cheek,
And her smile it dimpled sweet, O.
Frac green wood bowers, and stately towers,
Nae mair they wandered far, O,
And their gratefn' lays, o' joy and praise,
Flew aboon the mornin star, O.

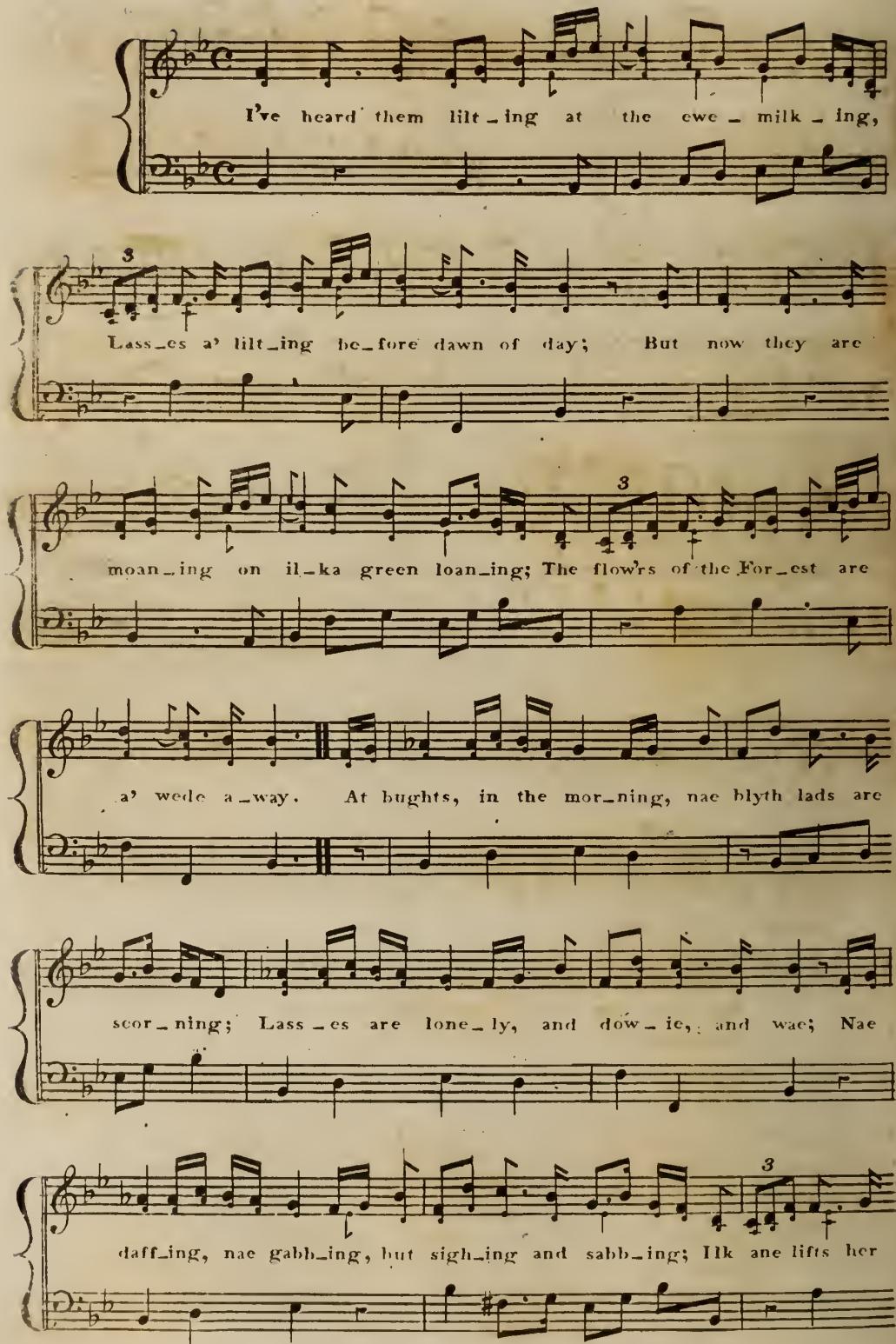
AGAIN REJOICING NATURE.

A-gain re-joic-ing na-ture sees Her robe as-sume its
 ver-nal hues; Her leaf-y locks wave in the breeze, All
 fresh-ly steep'd in morn-ing dews. In vain to me the cow-slips
 blaw, In vain to me the vi-lets spring; In vain to me, in
 glen or shaw, The ma-vis and the lint-white sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a dreary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
 The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

But when the lark, 'tween light and dark
 Blyth waukens by the daisie's side,
 And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,
 A wae worn ghaist, I hameward glide.
 Come, winter, wi' thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree,
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul
 When Nature all is sad like me.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.


 The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the bass line is in bass F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words appearing in the bass line. The lyrics are as follows:

 I've heard' them tilt-ing at the ewe-milk-ing,

 Lass-es a' tilt-ing be-fore dawn of day; But now they are

 moan-ing on il-ka green loan-ing; The flow'rs of the For-est are

 a' wede a-way. At buights, in the mor-ning, nae blyth lads are

 scor-ing; Lass-es are lone-ly, and dow-ie, and wae; Nae

 daff-ing, nae gabb-ing, but sigh-ing and sabb-ing; Ilk ane lifts her

leg-lin, and hies her a-way. In harst, at the shear-ing, nae

youths now are jeer-ing, Band-sters are run-kled, and ly-art, or

gray; At fair, or at preach-ing, nae woo-ing, nae fleech-ing; The

flow'rs of the For-est are a' wede a-way.

At den, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
 'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
 The flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border;
 The English for ance by guile wan the day;
 The flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewo-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Up a_mang yon cliff_y rocks, Sweet_ly rings the ris_ing ec_ho

To the Maid that tends the goats, Lilt ing o'er her na_tive notes.

Hark, she sings, "young San_dy's kind, An' he's pro_mis'd aye to lo'e me;

Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tyne 'Till he's fair_ly mar_ried to me:

Drive a_wa, ye drone, time, And bring a_bout our bri_dal-day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blow the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning dare-nae bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the highland heather,
Wading thro' the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flocksthegether;
But a plaid wi' bare knees
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
Canty glee, or highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel, or round a ring;
Wightly can he wield a rung;
In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest winded sangster;
Sangs that sing o'Sandy
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes, and streams a-round, The Castle o' Mont-
go-merie, Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your wau-ters never
drum-tie! There simmer first un-sauld her robes, And there the lang-est tar-
ry; For there I took the last fare-weel Of my sweet Highland Ma-ry.

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

The Che .. valier, being void of fear, Did march up

Bris .. lie brae, man, And thro' Tra .. nent e'er he did stent, As

fast as he could gae, man; While Gen .. al Cope' did taunt and

mock, Wi' mo .. ny a loud huz .. za, man; But e'er next morn pro ..

claim'd the cock, We heard a .. no .. ther craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loo'd wi' devilish thuds, man.
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they bust their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and 'oons!
They'd make the rebels run, man,
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror sez'd them a', man;
Some they roared, and some they grat,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The Volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were na worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame; O, sy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith the great, in a great fright,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man,
Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man,
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man;
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson, keen to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man;
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out o'sight, man,
And thought it best, it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie stay'd,
And sair he paid the kain, man;
Fell skelps he got was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae mony a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man;
For King, and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man;
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man;
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

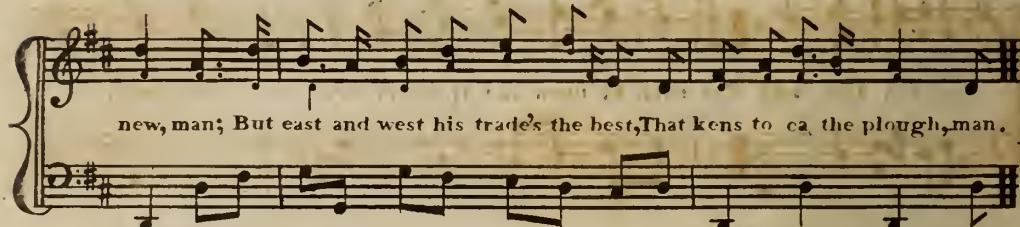
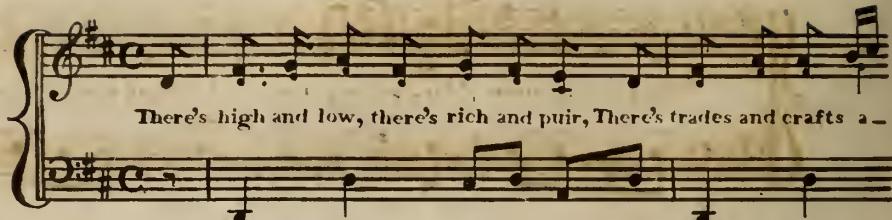
And Caddell drest amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that'way,
With pistols set before, man;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a sodger,
Stood, and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man;)
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat
And cry'd, God save the King, man.

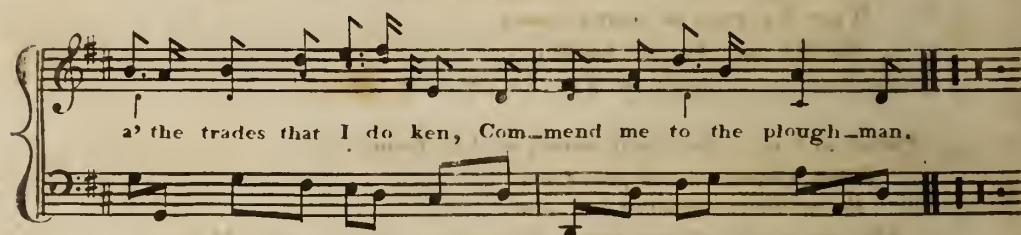
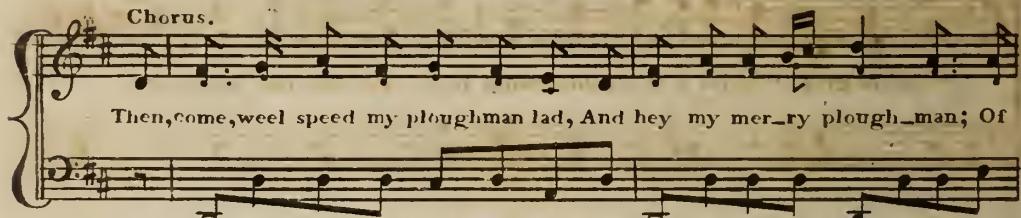
Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste,
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain for a' their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
Fu' bald can tell, how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae prae before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow mill, man,
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man:
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man,
Lost hands and heads cost them their dead,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better stay'd away, man;
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.



Chorus.



His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
His cares are light and few, man;
His mother's blessing's on his head,
That tents her weel, the plough-man.
Then come weel speed, &c.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet
The morning fresh and new, man;
Blythe tho' she be, as blythe is he
That sings as sweet, the plough-man.
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day
Their labours they renew, man;
Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,
And Heaven bless the plough-man!
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

MY BOY TAMMY.

“Whar hae ye been a’day, my boy Tammy? Whar hae ye been a’ day,
 my boy Tammy?” I’ve been by burn and flow’ry brae, meadow green and
 mountain grey, Courtin’ o’ this young thing just come frae her Mammy.”

“And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?”

‘I gat her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,
 Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy?’

“What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?”

‘I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I’ve walth o’ plenishen and gear,
 Yese get it a’, war’t ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy?’

‘The smile gade aff her bonny face—“I manna leave my Mammy!

She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,
 She’s been my comfort a’ my days,
 My Father’s death brought mony waes—I canna leave my Mammy.”

‘We’ll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind-hearted Lammy,
 We’ll gie her meat, we’ll gie her claes,
 We’ll be her comfort a’ her days!’

The wee thing gie’s her hand, and says, “There, gang and ask my Mammy.”

“Has she been to kirk wi’ thee, my boy Tammy?”

‘She has been to kirk wi’ me,
 And the tear was in her ee,
 But Oh! she’s but a young thing just come frae her Mammy?’

Old Set.

The love-ly moon had climb'd the hill, Where ea_gles big a-
 boon the Dee; And, like the looks of a love-ly dame, Brought joy to
 il-ka bo_dy's ee; A' but sweet Ma_ry, deep in sleep, Her
 thoughts on San_dy, far at sea; A voice drapt saft-ly
 on her ear, "Sweet Ma_ry, weep nae mair for me?"

She lifted up her waukening een,
 To see from whence the voice might be,
 And there she saw young Sandie stand,
 Pale, bending on her his hollow ee!
 "O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
 I'm in death's thraws aneath the sea;
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me.

"The wind slept when we left the bay,
 But soon it waked and raised the main,
 And God, he bore us down the deep,
 Wha strive wi' him, but strive in vain!
 He stretch'd his arm and took me up,
 Tho' laith I was to gang but thee:
 I look frae Heaven aboon the storm,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me?"

Modern Set.

The moon had climb'd the high-est hill Which ri-ses o'er the

source of Dee And from the eas-ter-n sum-mit shed Her sil-ver

light on tow'r and tree; When Ma-ry laid her down to sleep, Her

Ad Lib: Tempo.

thoughts on San-dy, far at sea; When soft and low a

Adagio

voice was heard Say, "Ma-ry, weep no more for me?"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be;
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow 'e;
 "O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 We toss'd upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save;
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
 The storm is past, and I at rest;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"O maiden, dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more?"
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see,
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me?"

O BOTHWELL BANK.

O, Bothwell bank, thou bloom - est fair; But, ah! thou

mak'st my heart fu' sair; For a' beneath thy woods sae green

My love and I wad sit at e'en, While daisies, and prim-ro-ses

mixt Wi' blue bells, in my locks he fixt. O, Bothwell

bank, thou bloom - est fair; But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
 Without ae sigh his death to moan,
 Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.
 O whither is my lover gone?
 Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return,
 O, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair;
 But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Tenor.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and

Treble.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and

fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae wearie fit o' care? Thou'll

fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae wearie fit o' care? Thou'll

break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: Thou

break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: Thou

mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.

mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.

Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine;

Where ilka bird sang o' its luve,

And fondly, sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;

And my fause lover staw my rose,

But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble and a; The Tailor fell
 thro' the bed, thimble and a. The blankets were thin, and the
 sheets they were sma'; The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble and a?
 Afore it was light, the Tailor he raise,
 Afore it was light, he pat on his claes:
 "The blankets are thin, the sheets they are sma',
 And I canna get rest, so I'll e'en gang awa!"
 Loud rair'd the Luckie, when she gaed ben,
 "Sic a like trick, wha-e'er did ken?
 The wark's no done, and the Tailor's awa;
 He's off wi' his shears, his thimble, and a?"

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's Wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's Wife of Al-di-val-loch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me, As I came o'er the braes o' Bal-loch? She

vow'd, She swore; She wad be mine, She said she lo'd me best of a'ny; But

oh! the fickle faith-less quean, She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie, Oh!

A little quicker.

Roy's Wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's Wife of Al-di-val-loch,

Wat ye how she cheated me, As I came o'er the braes o' Bal-loch?

O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch!
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch!
Oh, Roy's Wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie,
Oh, Roy's Wife, &c.

Slowly

O leeze me on my spin-ning-wheel, And leeze me on my rock and reel, Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en. I'll set me down and sing and spin, While laigh descends the simmer sun, Blest wi' content, and milk and meat, O leeze me on my spin-ning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite;
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where, blythe, I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays.
The craik amang the claver hay,
The pairtack whirrin' o'er the lea,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy, at her spinnin' wheel.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

Slow with
Expression

Sweet fa's the eve on Craig-ie-burn wood, And blythe a-
 wakes the mor-row; But a' the pride o' Craig-ie-burn wood, Can
 yield me nought but sor-row. I see the spread-ing
 leaves and flowers, I hear the wild birds sing-ing; But plea-sure
 they ha'e nane for me, While care my heart is wring-ing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love another,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

An'oh, my Eppie, My jewel, my Eppie, Wha wad na be happy wi'

Eppie Adair? By love, and by beauty, By law and by duty, I'll

ever be true to my Eppie Adair. Misfor-tune would take me, And

guilty fears shake me, If I should for-sake ye, My Eppie Adair.

But why thus affirm it?
 Ye're no now to learn it;
 Your merit confirms it,
 Sae gude and sae fair.
 The lassie that's peerless,
 O'rivals is fearless;
 Hell ne'er lo'e but ane,
 That lo'e Eppie Adair.

THE FORAY.

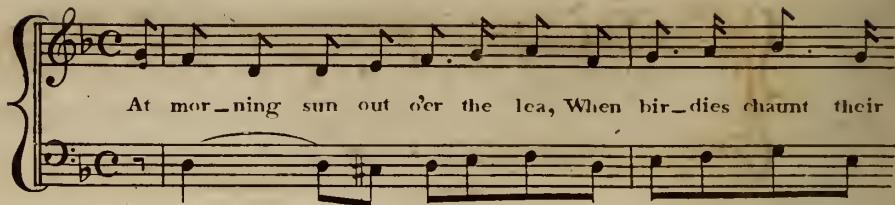
With
Animation

The last of our steers on our board has been spread, And the last flask of

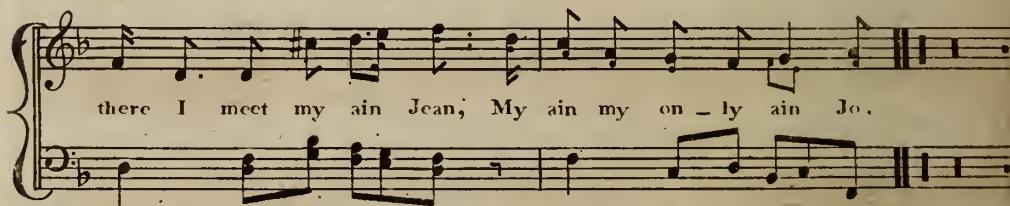
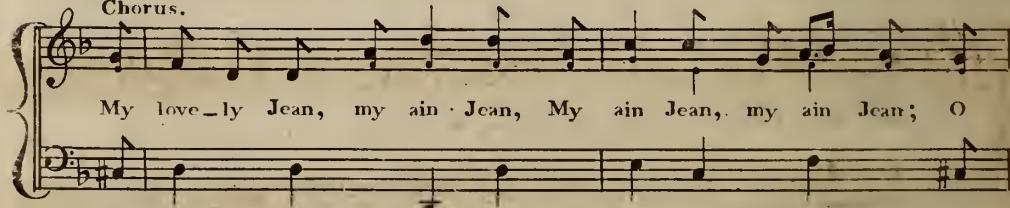
wine in our goblets is red; Up! Up! my brave kinsmen! belt Swords and be-
gone! There are dangers to dare, And there's spoil to be won. The
eyes that so lately mix'd glances with ours, For a space must be
dim as they gaze from the tow'rs, And strive to distinguish, through
tempest and gloom, The prance of the Steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,
And the moon her red beacon has veild with a cloud:
'Tis the better, my mates; for the Warden's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.
Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blythe grey!
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.
The drawbridge has drop'd, and the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet — then mount and be gone.
To their honor and peace, that shall rest with the slain,
To their health and their glee, that see Teviot again!

N.B. The last four lines of the Poetry to be sung to the second strain of the Melody, repeated.



Chorus.



When flowrets paint the meadows green,
When dew hangs on the scented bean,
The bee hums in the leaves a'tween,
'Tis then I meet my ain Jo.
My lovely Jean, my ain Jean,
My ain Jean, my ain Jean;
O then I meet my ain Jean,
My ain my only ain Jo.

When trees are deck'd in summer sheen,
When ilka bud in beauty's seen,
When nature smiles in every scene,
'Tis then I meet my ain Jo.
My lovely Jean, my ain Jean,
My ain Jean, my ain Jean;
O then I meet my ain Jean,
My ain my only ain Jo.

Whar down the glen the burnie rows,
An' sporting plays between the howes,
Whar lam'ies frisk out-o'er the knowes,
'Tis there I meet my ain Jo.
My lovely Jean, my ain Jean,
My ain Jean, my ain Jean;
'Tis there I meet my ain Jean,
My ain my only ain Jo.

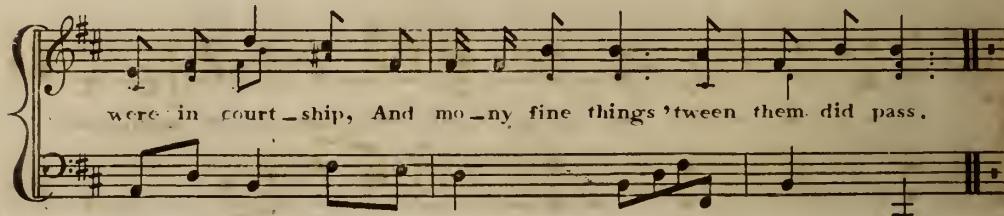
"O wha will ride? and wha will run? And wha will sail the sea? And
 wha will go to Is-la-hill, Where we were wont to be?" O
 some they rade, and some they ran, But nane durst stem the tide; And,
 "O! for eangle's wings," he cried, "To bear me to her side."

"A blink shines on my stately tow'rs,
 O! that I there might be,
 Whare Mary tents her infant son,
 And greets and prays for me!"
 The wind was hush'd, the waves were still,
 Fast flew the dashing oar,
 His bounding heart maist burst its bands,
 As they drew near the shore.

Had eagle's wings been lent him now,
 Mair swift they could na be;
 But, oh! the sight that met him there,
 Was soon enough to see.
 His Babie, in a hireling's arms,
 Wail'd out its Mother's name;
 His men and maidens durst nae speak,
 Nor tell the news for shame.

"Whare, whare's my Mary?" loud he cried,
 "What means this heavy gloom?
 False she is not—Oh! is she dead?
 I'll die upon her tomb!"
 No voice replied—all still as death—
 Yet tears' ay fill'd their ee,
 And ay the wailing babie cried,
 'Mamie come back to me!'

"Speak, I command! auld Donald speak?"
 Subs kepit Donald's breath;
 The Nurse, unbidden, told the tale,
 That scared him like a wraith!
 Now shame burns on his manly cheek,
 Grief rankles at his heart,
 The morrow never will bring relief,
 The past's a poisoned dark.



But when the Mither came to know it,
She said, "ye disobedient Son,
I've gien ye schulin, and gien ye learnin,
And would ye to yere ruin run?"

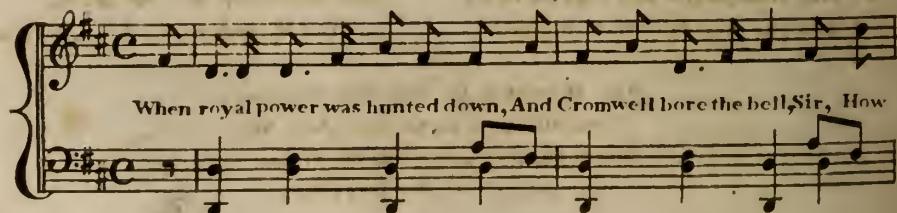
"I've gien ye schulin, and yere learnin,
And edication o' the best,
And would ye marry ane sae mean,
And quite bereaveme o' my rest?"

He's gane to find his luve sae dear,
And said, "Luve, luve, it winna do,
Because that Mither's sae unwilling
That ever I sud marry you?"

The bonny creature, wi' sweet behaviour,
While tears cam trinklin to the grund,
Said, "Bairns must obey their parents,
Because they are by Scripture bound."

"There's nae Coach, luve, on the shore, luve,
Nor a Boat, luve, on the tide,
And in a Ship, luve, upon the sea, luve,
Wi' nane but Johnie Ogle, wad I ride."

EARL MARISCHAL.



There Keith, Earl Marischal, warlike wight,
Sae noble and sae loyal,
He gat the guardian o' them a',
Auld Scotia's ensigns royal.

The Crown, the Sceptre, Sword, and a',
The lint she happit round them,
And, a' unkend to Ogilvie,
Safe in the sack she bound them.

When arms like his could ill be spared,
And he fought for the Stewart,
He gae them owre to Ogilvie,
A trusty and a true heart.

A simple lass upon her back,
Withouten fear or danger,
Soon brought them to the minister
Of Kinneff, guid James Granger.

Strong to the stronger still maun yield,
The rebels ruled the nation,
Brave Ogilvie and a' his men,
They could na keep their station.

Aneath the pulpit's sel they're laid,
To mak the secret faster,
As low as lay the royal head,
Short syne their rightfu' master.

His Lady, wi' a manly heart,
She tuik it a' upon her,
To save from skaith her Captain dear,
And eke her Country's honor.

The darkest night will wear awa;
Monk gae the bowls a row, man,
And monarchy was up again,
And Round-heads down, I trow, man.

The Marischal he cam frae the wars,
Sae blythe was he that day, Sir,
When Ogilvie gae back his trust,
In spite o' a' the fray, Sir.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, And drift is dri_ving
 sairly; The sheep are couring in the heugh, O sirs! it's winter fairly. Now
 up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morning early; I'd rather gae
 supperless to my bed, Than rise in the morning early.

Loud rairs the blast amang the woods,
 The branches tirlin barely,
 Amang the chimley taps it thuds,
 And frost is nippin sairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 To sit at the night I'd rather agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,
 Like ony tim'rous earlie;
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely,
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When snow blaws into the chimley cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early,

Nae linties tilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things, they suffer sairly;
 In cauldrie quarters at the night,
 A' day they feed but sparsely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 Nae fate can be waur, in winter time,
 Than rise in the morning early.

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell, My heart is sair for
 Some-bo_dy; I could wake a win-ter night For the sake o'
 Some-bo_dy. Oh hon! for Some-bo_dy! Oh hey! for Some-bo_dy!
 I could range the world a-round, For the sake o' Some-bo_dy.

How aft I've wander'd by the burn,
 At gloamin hour, wi' Somebody,
 And listen'd to the tale o' love,
 Sae sweetly told by Somebody.

Oh hon! for Somebody!

Oh hey! for Somebody!

Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,
 Sae blest was I wi' Somebody.

But now the tear-drap dims my e'e,
 Whender I think o' Somebody;
 For weel I lo'e the bonnie lad
 That's far awa, my Somebody.
 Oh hon! for Somebody!
 Oh hey! for Somebody!
 While I live I'll ne'er forget
 The parting look o' Somebody.

Ye powers, that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on Somebody;
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my Somebody.
 Oh hon! for Somebody!
 Oh hey! for Somebody!
 They wha love can only say
 What I'd do for Somebody.

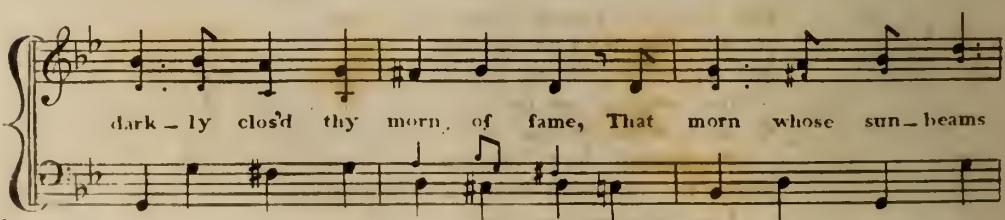
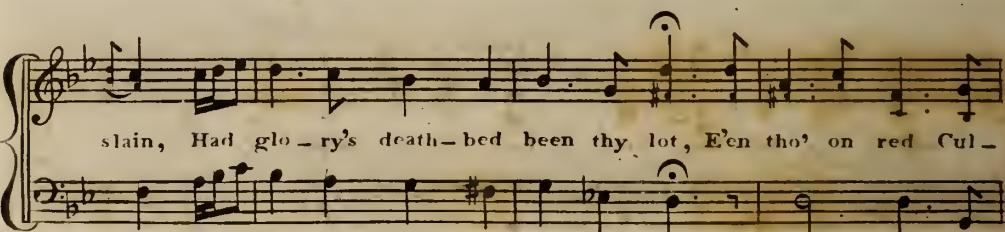
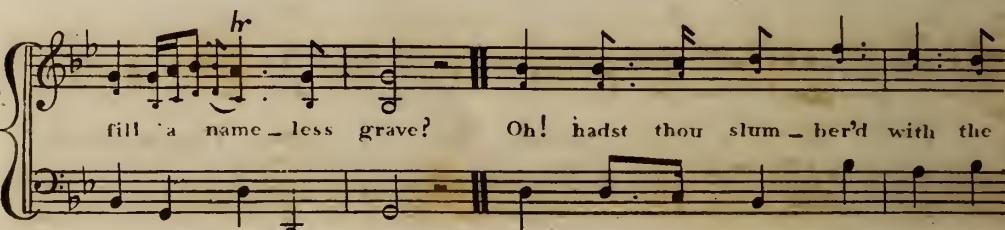
DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.
who was Executed after the defeat of Prince Charles.

Slow,

but with Energy.

Son of the mighty and the free, Lou'd leader of the

Energy.



rose so fair; Revenge a lone may breathe thy name, The

watch-word of despair. Yet, oh! if gallant spirit's

pow'r Has e'er ennobled death like thine, Then glo-ry

mark'd thy par-ing hour, Last of a migh-ty line.

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;
Those beams that gild thy native walls
Are sleeping on thy tomb.
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
But the lov'd scenes may vainly smile,
Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle-sound
Is mixing with the torrent's roar;
Unmark'd, the red deer sport around,
Thou lead'st the chase no more.
Thy gates are clos'd, thy halls are still,
Those halls where swell'd the choral strain;
They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,
And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke;
His fire, his joy of song, is past;
One lay to mourn thy fate he wok'd,
His saddest, and his last.
No other theme to him is dear
Than lofty deeds of thine;
Hush'd be the strain thou canst not hear,
Last of a mighty line.

Slow

"My Luve's in Ger-ma-ny; Send him hame, Send him hame; My
 Luve's in Ger-ma-ny, Send him hame; My Luve's in Ger-ma-ny, Fight-
 ing for Roy-al-ty; He may ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him
 hame, Send him hame; He may ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame.

"He's brave as brave can be,
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 He's brave as brave can be,
 Send him hame.
 He's brave as brave can be,
 He wad rather fa' than flee;
 But his life is dear to me,
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 Oh! his life is dear to me,
 Send him hame.

"Our faes are ten to three,
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 Our faes are ten to three,
 Send him hame.
 Our faes are ten to three,
 He maun either fa' or flee,
 In the cause o' Loyalty;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 In the cause o' Loyalty,
 Send him hame?"

"Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Bonnie Dame, winsome Dame;
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Winsome Dame.
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 But he fell in Germany,
 Fighting brave for Loyalty,
 Mournfu' Dame, bonnie Dame,
 Fighting brave for Loyalty,
 Mournfu' Dame?

"He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
 He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
 Willie's gane!
 He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
 To his Love and ain Countrie—
 This world's nae mair for me,
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane!
 This world's nae mair for me
 Willie's slain!"

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Slowly

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her
 mei-kle and lang; She's bro-ken her vow, She's bro-ken my
 heart, And I may een gae hang. A coof cam wi' a
 routh o' gear, And I hae tint my dear-est dear; But wo-men
 are but world's gear, Sac-let the bon-nie lass gang.

Wha'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae fertie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind:
 O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An Angel form's fa'en to thy share,
 'Twad been g'er meikle to gien thee mair,
 I mean an Angel mind.

Wizard.

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day When the Low-lands shall
 meet thee in bat-tle ar-ray! For a field of the dead rush-es red on my
 sight, And the clans of Cul-lo-den are scatter'd in fight: They rally, they
 bleed, for their king-dom and crown! Woe, woe to 'the ri-lers that
 trample them down! Proud Cum-ber-land prances, in-su-lting the slain, And their
 foot-beaten bo-soms are trod to the plain. Weep, Al-bin! to death and cap-

tiv_i_ty led! Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead; For a - mer_ci-less
 sword on Culloden shall wave; Culloden! that recks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
 Why flames the far summit? why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my Clan;
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock,
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock;
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws —

Lochiel shall exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from his death-bed of fame.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

O lay thy loof in mine, Lass, in mine, Lass, in mine, Lass, And

swear on thy white hand, Lass, That thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un-

bound-ed sway, He aft has wrought me meikle wae; But now he is my

dead-lie fae, Un-less thou be my ain. O lay thy loof in mine, Lass, in

mine, Lass, in mine, Lass, And swear on thy white hand, Lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof, &c.

The luve that I hae chosen, I'll therewith be content, The
 salt sea will be froz_en Be_fore that I re_-- pent; Re-
 pent it will I ne_ever Un_til the day I dee, Tho' the
 law_lands o' Hol_land Hae twined my love and me.

My luve lies in the salt sea,
 And I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart
 Wha lately was a bride;
 Wha lately was a bonny bride,
 And pleasure in her ee;
 But the lawlands o' Holland
 Hae twined my luve and me.

New Holland is a barren place,
 In it there grows nae grain,
 Nor ony habitation,
 Wherin for to remain;
 But the sugar canes are plenty,
 And the wine draps frae the tree;
 But the lawlands o' Holland
 Hae twined my luve and me.

My luve he built a bonnie ship,
 And sent her to the sea,
 Wi' seven-score brave mariners
 To bear her companie;
 Threescore gaed to the bottom,
 And threescore died at sea,
 And the lawlands o' Holland
 Hae twined my luve and me.

My luve has built anither ship,
 And sent her to the main,
 He had but twenty mariners,
 And a' to bring her hame;
 The stormy clouds did roar again,
 The raging waves did rout,
 And my luve, and his bonnie ship,
 Turn'd widdershins about!

Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der
 through the bloom-ing heath-er; But Yar-row braes, nor
 Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga-la-wa-ter.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I loe him better,
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Gala-water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O! that's the chiefest world's treasure.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, my. dar-ling, my·dar-ling; Oh!

Charlie is my dar_ling, The young Che_valier. 'Twas on a Mon_day
 mor_ning, right ear_ly in the year, When Charlie came to our town, the
 young Che_valier. Oh! Charlie is my dar_ling, my dar_ling, my
 dar_ling; Oh! Charlie is my dar_ling, The young Che_valier.

As he came marching up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,
 And a' the folk came running out
 To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' hieland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores bright and clear,
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonny hieland hills,
 Their Wives and Bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
 The young Chevalier.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
 And mony hopes and fears;
 And mony were the prayers put up
 For the young Chevalier.

CHARLIE YET.

Merrily

A bonnie boat came o'er the sea, It brought mickle joy to my
 kim_mer and me; An' wha has it brought? It wat, ye ken, — It
 cres. f

Chorus.

brought the King, and the wale o' men. O its Charlie yet, And its
 ff.

Charlie yet, We'll hae mony braw days wi' our Charlie yet.

O he was lang o' coming hame,
 But weel we ken wha was to blame;
 But sin' that he's come we'll dance and sing,
 And drink a health to our rightfu' King.
 O its Charlie yet, &c.

The pibrooch is sounding, the Clans are out,
 An' there'll be brulzies bauld and stout;
 But, I trow, we'll ne'er flinch frae Charlie's side,
 He's worth a Crown and a Kingdom beside.
 O its Charlie yet, &c.

O poortith cauld and restless love, Yewreck my peace between ye; Yet
 poor-thit a' I could for-gie, An' 'twere na for my Jean-ie. O
 why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands un-twining? O
 why sae sweet a flow'r as love De-pend on for-tune's shin-ing?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't,
 O why, &c.

Her een sae bonny blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate,
 He woos his simple dearie;
 The silly bogies, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why, &c.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

My Wife's a winsome wee thing, She is a hand - some
 wee thing, She is a bon - nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o'
 mine. I nev - er saw a fair - er, I' ne - ver lo'd a dear -
 er, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my Jew - el tine.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
 My bonnie blithsome wee thing,
 Sae lang's I hae my wee thing
 I'll think my lot divine.
 Tho' world's care we share o't,
 And may sae meikle mair o't,
 Wi' her I'll blithly bear it,
 And ne'er a word repine.

I'VE SEEN THE SMILING OF FORTUNE.

Slow

I've seen the smi - ling of for - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt all its

fa-vours, and found its de-cay; Sweet was its bless-ings, Kind its care.
 ress-ing, But now 'tis fled, fled far a-way. I've seen the Fo-rest a-
 dor-ned the fore-most, With flowers of the fair-est, most plea-sant and
 gay; So bon-ny was their bloom-ing, their scent the air per-fu-ming, But
 now they are with-er-ed and weed-ed a-way.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,

And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,

Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way,

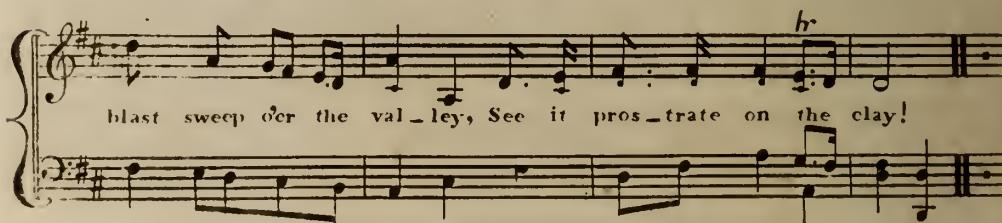
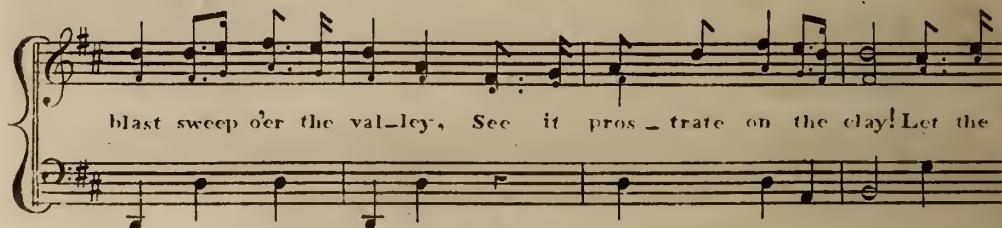
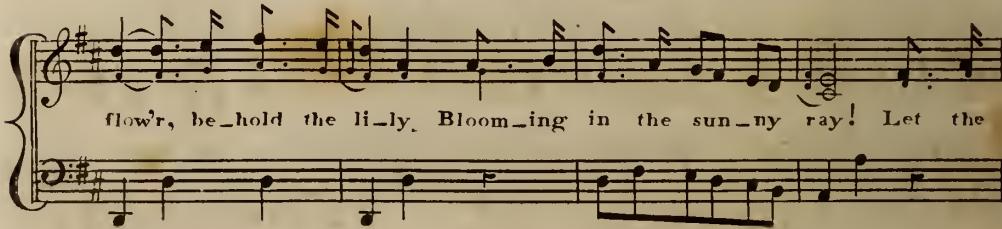
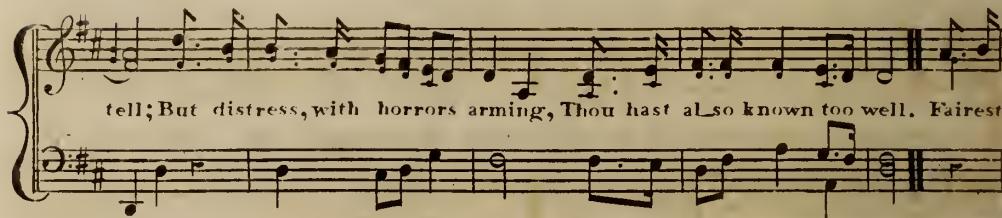
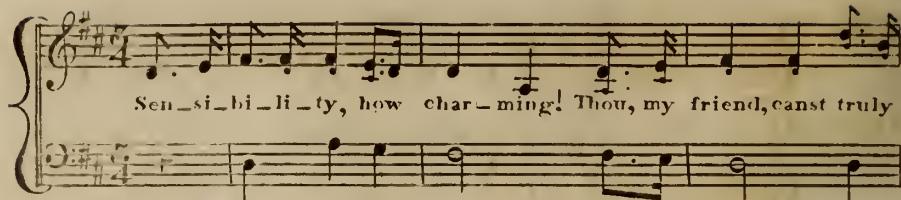
O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting!

O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day!

No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your frowns can grieve me,

For the flowers of the Forest are withered away.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING!



Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys:
 Hapless bird! a prey, the surest,
 To each pirate of the skies.
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feeling can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

Slowly

Ba-loo loo, lam-my; now ba-loo, my dear;
 Now, ba-loo loo, lam-my, ain min-nie is here;
 What ails my wee bair-nie? what
 ails it this night? What ails my wee lam-my? is bair-nie no right?

Baloo loo, lammy; now baloo, my dear;
 Does wee lammy ken that it's daddie's no here?
 Y're rockin fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,
 But daddie's a-rockin upon the saut sea.

Now hush-a-ba, lammy; now hush-a, my dear;
 Now hush-a-ba, lammy; ain minnie is here;
 The wild wind is ravin, and mammie's heart's sair;
 The wild wind is ravin, and ye dinna care.

Sing, baloo loo, lammy, sing baloo, my dear,
 Sing, baloo loo, lammy, ain minnie is here;
 My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin now fine,
 And, oh! may its wau'kin be blyther than mine.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flow'r's decay'd on Catrine lea; Nae
 lav-rock sang on hil-lock green, But nature sickend on the e'e. Thro'
 fa-ded groves Ma-ri-a sang, Her-sel in beau-ty's bloom the while; And
 ay the wild wood ech-oes rang, Fare-well the braes o' Bal-loch-myle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me, nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Farewell, farewell! sweet Ballochmyle!

YE'LL MOUNT' GUDE M.A.N.

Lively

"Ye'll mount gudeman, ye'll mount and ye'll ride, Ye'll cross the Eran, syne
 down the Loch side, Then up mang the hills, and thro' muir and heath-er, And

join great Argyle, where loyal men gather; 'Indeed, honest Luckie, I think ye're no
 blate, To bid loyal men gang o-nny sic' gat, For I'm gaun to fight for
 true Loyaltie; Had the Prince ne'er a-nither, he aye will hae me?

"About Charlie Stuart we ne'er could agree,
 But, dearie, for ance be counsell'd by me;
 Tak nae pairt at a'; bide quietly at hame,
 And ne'er heed a Campbell, M^E Donnell, or Graham!"

"Na, na, gudewife, for that winna do,
 My Prince is in need, his friends are but few;
 I aye lo^{ed} the Stuarts, I'll join them the day,
 Sae gie me my boots, for my boots I will hae!"

"Oh! saftly gudeman, I think ye're gane mad,
 I hae nae the heart to prin on your Cockade;
 The Prince, as ye ca' him, will never succeed;
 Ye'll lose your estate, and may be your head!"

"Come, cheer ye, my dear, and dry up your tears,
 I hae my hopes, and I hae my fears;
 But I'll raise my men, and a' that is given,
 To aid the gude cause, then leave it to Heaven."

"But, haste ye now, haste ye, for I maun be gaun,
 The mare's at the yett, the bingle is blawn;
 Gie me my bannet, it's far in the day,
 I'm no for a Cup, there's nae time to stay!"

"Oh! tak but aye, it may do ye gude!"
 "But, what ails the woman? she surely is wud!"
 She's tifted the kettle, but somehow it couped
 On the legs o' the Laird, wha roard and wha loup'd.

"I'm brent! I'm brent! how cam it this way?
 I fear I'll no ride for mony a day,
 Send aff the men, and to Prince Charles say,
 My heart is wi' him, but I'm tied by the tae!"

The wily Wife fleech'd, and the Laird did nae see,
 The smile on her cheek thro' the tear in her ee.
 "Had I kent the gude-man wad hae had siccan pain,
 The Kettle for me sud hae couped its lane!"

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wat'ry ee? What
 gars me eye turn cauld as death, When I tak leave o' thee? When
 thou art far a - wa, Thou'l't dear - er be to me; But
 change o' souk, and change o' place, May gar thy fan - cy jec.

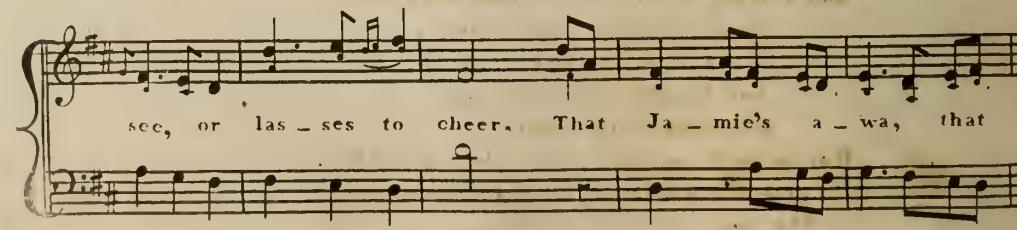
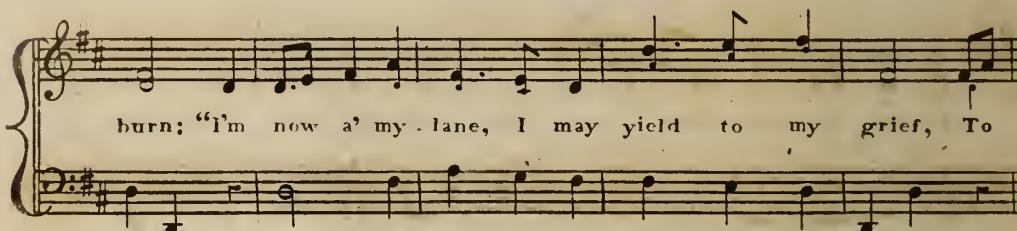
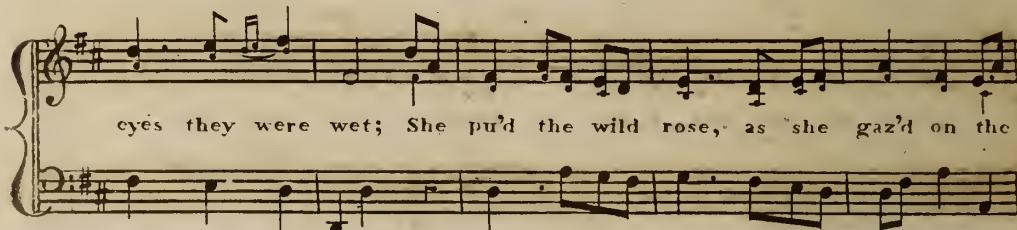
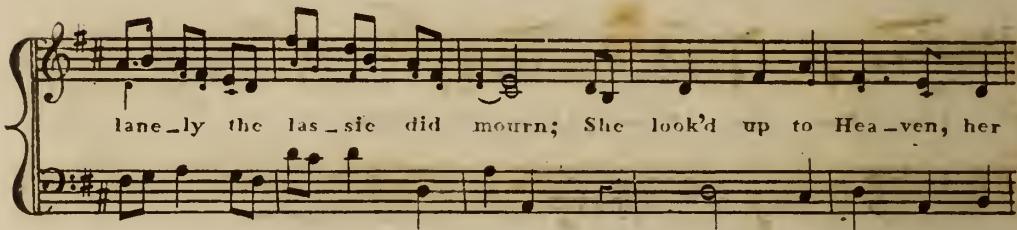
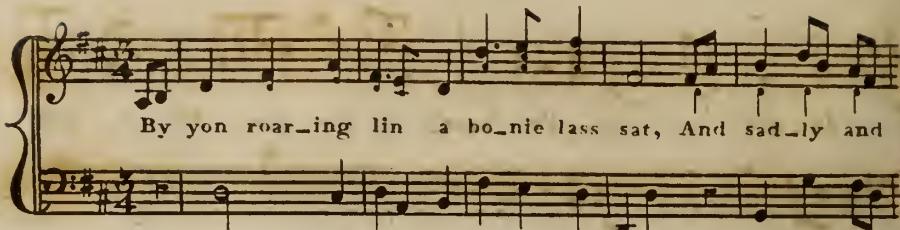
Then I'll sit down and moan,
 Just by yon spreading tree,
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.
 Sync I'll gang to the how'r,
 Which thou wi' roses tied;
 'Twas there, by many a blushing bud,
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
 Whare I hae been wi' thee;
 I'll ca't to mind some fond lovo-tale,
 By ev'ry burn and tree.
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
 Tho' lovers absent be,
 And when I think I see thee still,
 I'll think I'm still with thee.

Al_lan need na speak to me, For nae Fife Laird I
 e'er will tak; If I was spard to cross the sea, I'm
 sure I ne'er could ven_ture back. Fife, and a' the lands a_bout it,
 Un_de_sir-ing I can see; Mon_y a Laird, ye
 need na doubt it, A' his lands for life wad gie.

 I'll no gang to spend my life,
 Far frae a' my frien's in Fife;
 If siccan a thing I e'er can do,
 I maun lo'e mair than I lo'e you.
 Fife, and a' the lands about it,
 Undesiring I can see;
 Mony a Laird, ye need na doubt it,
 A' his lands for life wad gie.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE O' MY MOURNING.



Jamie was dear, I'm thrang a' the day, I'll do like the
 lave, Nae cause o' complaint, my Mither shall have; But
 ay in the gloamin', afore the night fa', I'll pray for my
 Jamie, my love, that's awa', The cause o' my mourning.

I strive to look cheerful, but canna be gay;
 Wi' lads and wi' lasses nae langer I play;
 At bogle, when ramping, I think they're gaun mad,
 The louder they laugh, the mair I am sad.
 Far sweeter to me to gang down the lang glen,
 'Mang heather and whins to yon bonie den,
 Where the mavis does sing, and the wild rose does blaw,
 And a' thing reminds me o' him that's awa'.

Should he ne'er come back
 A' joy it will wither—
 And for his dear sake
 I'll think o' nae ither;
 But ay in the gloamin', afore the night fa',
 I'll pray for my Jamie, my love, that's awa',
 The cause o' my mourning.

O mer-ry may the maid be That mar-ries with the
 Miller, For foul day and fair day He's ay bring-ing till her; He's
 ay a pen-ny in his purse, For din-ner and for sup-per, And
 gin she please a good fat cheese, And lumps o' yel-low but-ter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling:
 "Fair maid, says he, O come and see;
 Ye're welcome to my dwalling."
 Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 • And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre;
 While lazy puss with mealy mouse
 Was playing at the fire.

"Good signs are these," my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal and maut she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth-stane,
 Before a rousing fire:
 His canty wife has a' things right,
 A supper warm and sappy;
 Wha'd be a King, a' petty thing,
 When a Miller lives sae happy?

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

O Willie was a wanton wag, The blyth-est lad that
 e'er I saw, At bri-dals still he bore the brag, And car-ried
 aye the gree a-wa. His doub-let was of Zet-land
 shag, And vow! but Willie he was braw, And at his shoul-der
 hang a tag, That pleas'd the lass-es best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And ay, whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw;
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fient aane amang them a'.

Lively

Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O gat ye me wi' naething? Rock and reel, and

spinnin wheel, a mickle quarter bason. Bye at-tour my Gutcher has a hich houſe

and a laigh aane, A' for-bye my bon-nie sel, The toss of Eccle-fechan.

O, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O, haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:

I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

AIKIN DRUM.

There liv'd a man in our town, In our town, in our town, There

liv'd a man in our town, And his name was Aik-in Drum: And

he wad be a so - ger, a so - ger, a so - ger, And he wad
be a so - ger, And his name was Aik - in Drum.

And his coat was o' the gude saut meat,
The gude saut meat, the gude saut meat;
And a waistcoat o' the haggis-bag,
Ay wore Aikin Drum.

O' the gude lang kail, and the Athole brose,
Ay they made his trews and hose;
And he luiket weel, as ye may suppose,
And his name was Aikin Drum.

And his bannet was made o' pye crust,
O' pye crust, o' pye crust,
And his bannet was made o' pye crust,
Built baith thick and roun';
And he played upon a razor,
A razor, a razor,
And he played upon a razor,
And whiles upon the kame.

And he loed weel the crappit heads,
The crappit heads, and singit heads,
And he loed weel the crappit heads,
And singit heads, and a'.
And he loed weel the ait cake,
The ait cake, the ait cake,
And he loed weel the ait cake,
And scones and bannocks a'.

But, waes me! he turned soger,
A soger, a soger;
But, waes me! he turned soger,
And he was mair'd awa.
'Bout him the Carls were gabbin',
For him the laddies sabbin',
And a' the lassies greetin',
For Aikin Drum's awa.

THE ATTAITNED SCOTISH NOBLES. Same Air.

O some will tune their mournfu' strains,
To tell o' hame-made sorrow;
And if they cheat you o' your tears,
They'll dry afore the morrow.
O some will sing their airy dreams,
Wi' verity they're sporting,
My sang's o' nae sic thievless themes,
But wakin' true misfortune.

Ye Scottish Nobles, aye and a',
For loyalty attainted,
A nameless Bardy's wae to see
Your sorrows unlamented;
For, if your Fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,
Yere down the day that might ha'e been
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

For fair hereditary right,
For conscience sake, they stoutly stood;
And for the Crown, their valiant sons,
Themselves have sliced their injured blood.
And if their Fathers ne'er had fought,
For heirs of ancient royalty,
They're down the day that might a' been
At the top of honour's tree a'.

O! wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea;
 My plaid lie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
 Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter stormis A-round thee blaw, A-round the blaw;
 Thy beild shou'd be my bosom, To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare;
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch of the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
 The brightest jewel o' my crown
 Wad be my Jean, wad be my Jean.

You mean _er beau _ties of the night, Which poor _ly sat _ is _
 fie our eyes, More by your num _ber than your light, Like com _ mon
 peo _ ple of the skies, What are ye when the moon doth rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
 By your purple mantles known,
 Like proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are ye when the rose is blown?

You glancing Jewels of the east,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glittering gems, what is your praise.
 When the bright diamond shews his rays?

Ye wand'ring chaunters of the wood,
 That fill the ayre wi' natures layes,
 Making your feelings understood
 In accent weak—What is your praise
 When Philomel her voyce shall raise?

But, ah! poor light, gem, voyce, and sound,
 What are ye if my Mary shine?
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
 Light, lustre, scent, and musick tine,
 And yield to merit more divine.

There rose and lily, the hale spring,
 Around her face for sweetness speed,
 The diamond darkens, in the ring;
 When she appears, the moon looks dead,
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

Slow

Frae the friends and land I love, Driv'n by for-tune's fel-ly spite;
 Frae my best be-loy'd I rove, Ne-ver mair to taste de-light.
 Ne-ver mair maun hope to find Ease 'frae toil, re-lief 'frae care;
 When re-mem-brance wracks the mind, Pleas-ures but un-veil de-spair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desart ilka blooming shore;
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, Love, and Peace, restore.
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again;
 And ilk loyal, bonnie lad,
 Cross the seas, and win his ain.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES 1784.

As o'er the Highland hills I hied, The Camerous in ar-ray I spied; Loch-

iel's proud standard wav-ing wide In all its an- cient glo-ry. The
 mar-tial pipe loud pierc'd the sky, The bard a-rose re-sound-ing high, Their
 va-lour, faith, and loy-al-ty, That shine in Scot - fish sto-ry.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
 Awaking battles fierce alarms;
 But every hero's bosom warms
 With songs of exultation.
 While brave Lochiel at length regains,
 Thro' toils of war, his native plains,
 And won by glorious wounds, attains,
 His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
 And echo wide from hill to vale;
 Ye warlike Clans, arise, and hail
 Your laurel'd Chiefs returning.
 O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry isle,
 Let peace in all her lustre smile,
 And discord ne'er her day defile
 With sullen shades of mourning.

Ye northern Chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,
 Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock,
 Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke
 With servile base prostration;
 Let each now train his trusty band,
 'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand,
 With undivided heart and hand
 For freedom, king and nation.

M^o Leod, M^o Donald, join the strain,
 M^o Pherson, Fraser, and M^o Lean,
 Thro' all your bounds let gladness reign,
 Both prince and patriot praising.
 Whose generous bounty richly pours
 The streams of plenty round your shores,
 To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
 Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
 Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
 With scowling brow, to overbear
 A vassal's rights invading;
 Let freedom's conscious sons disdain
 To croud his fawning timid train,
 Nor even own his haughty reign,
 Their dignity degrading.

Lively.

Will ye go to Inverness, Bonnie lad-die, Hieland lad-die?

There ye'll see the Hieland dress, Bonnie lad-die, Hieland lad-die.

Phi-la-beg and bon-net blue, Bonnie lad-die, Hieland lad-die,

For the lad that wears the trew, Bonnie lad-die, Hieland lad-die.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
 Had I my will, he'd no sit there,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Ne'er reflect on sorrows past,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
 Charlie will be King at last,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

And tho' now our' sky may lower,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,
 It's only like an April shower,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Time and tide come round to a',
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
 And upstart pride will get a fa',
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Keep up your heart, for Charlie fight,
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;
 And come what may, ye've done what's right,
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

(THE)
SCOTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
—BY—
R. A. SMITH.
VOL. II

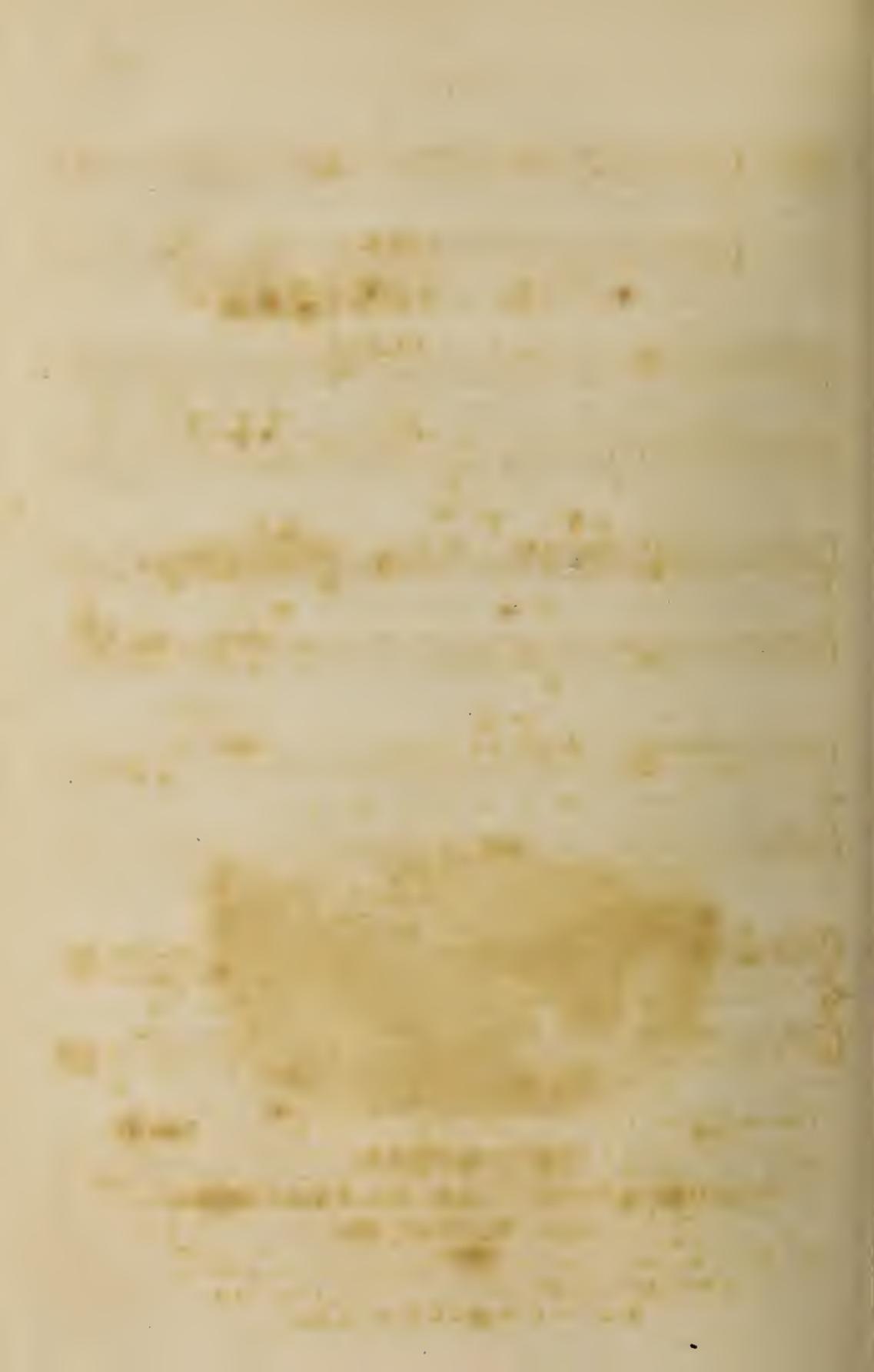


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O WALY, WALY.

1

Slow

O waly, waly, up yon bank! And waly, waly,
down yon brae! And waly by yon river side, Where I and
my love wont to gae! O waly, waly! love is bonnie, A
lit-tle while when it is new; But when 'tis auld, it
wax-es cauld, And wears a-wa like mor-ning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
O wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my fause love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.
Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
The grey mist will my covering be;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my fause love's forsaken me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

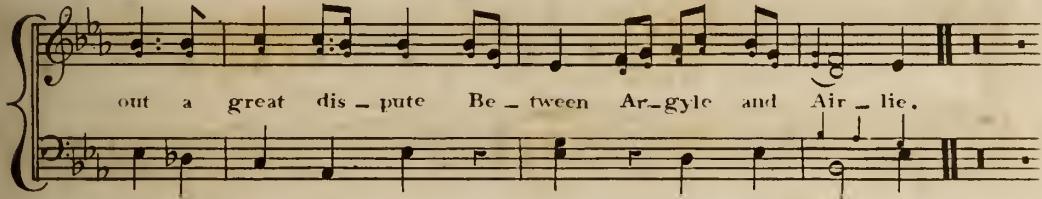
Where hae ye been sae braw, lad? Where hae ye been sae brankie O? Where hae ye
 been sae braw, lad? Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O? Anye had been where I hae been, Ye wad na
 been sae cantie, O; Anye had seen what I hae seen, I' th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I saught at land, I saught at sea,
 At hame I saught my Auntie, O;
 But I met the Devil and Dundee,
 On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 An' ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
 An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an' Athole gled
 On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 An' ye had been, &c.

THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

It fell on a day, a bonny sim - mer day, When the
 leaves were green and yel - low; That there fell out a



Argyle he has taen a hundred o' his men,
 A hundred men and fifty,
 And he's awa, on yon green shaw,
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

The lady looked owre the hie Castle wa';
 And oh! but she sighed sairly,
 When she saw Argyle, and a' his men,
 Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

"Come down to me," said proud Argyle;
 "Come down to me, Lady Airlie,
 Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand,
 I winna leave a stannin stane in Airlie!"

"I'll no cum down, ye proud Argyle,
 Until that ye speak mair fairly,
 Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye haud in your hand,
 That ye winna leave a stannin stane in Airlie."

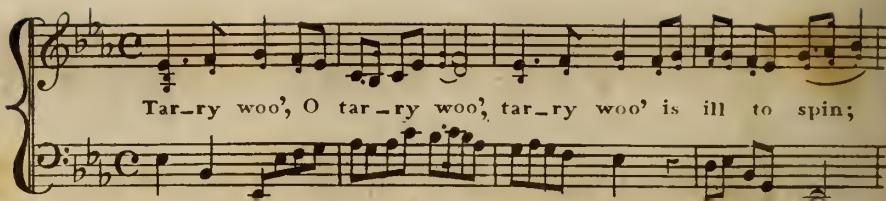
"Had my ain Lord been at his hame,
 But he's awa wi' Charlie,
 There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle,
 Dare hae trod on the bonny green o' Airlie.

"But since we can haud out nae mair,
 My hand I offer fairly;
 Oh! lead me down to yonder glen,
 That I may nae see the burnin o' Airlie?

He's taen her by the trembling hand,
 But he's no tane her fairly,
 For he led her up to a hie hill tap,
 Where she saw the burnin o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sae hie,
 Soon left the wa's but barely;
 And she laid her down on that hill to die,
 Whan she saw the burnin o' Airlie.

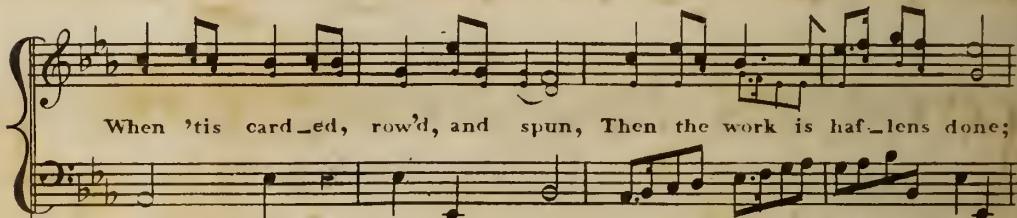
TARRY WOO!



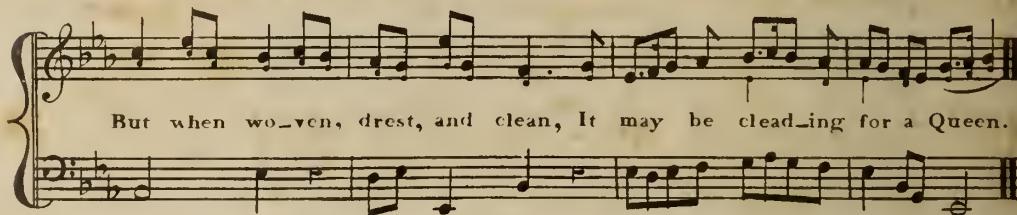
Tarry woo, O tarry woo, tarry woo is ill to spin;



Card it well, O Card it well, Card it well ere ye begin.



When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun, Then the work is haf-lens done;



But when wo-vens, drest, and clean, It may be cleadding for a Queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly, as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow.
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,
No by half so usefu' are:
Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo?

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and baa,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent and colly true,
Well defend the tarry woo?

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Whod be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo?

OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

5

Oh! din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, 'Deed I dar-na tell;

Din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, Ask it o' your sel. Oh,

din-na look sae aft at me, For oh, ye weel may trow, That

when ye look sae sair at me, I dar-na look at you.

An' when ye're gaun to the town,

An' mony a braw lass see,

O, Jamie, dinna look at them,

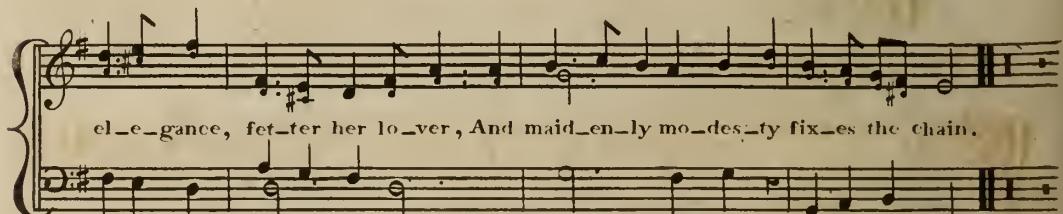
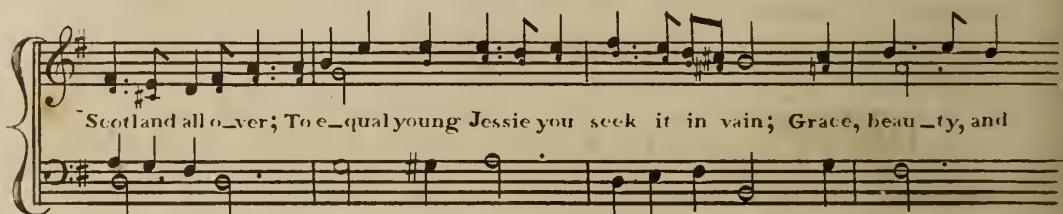
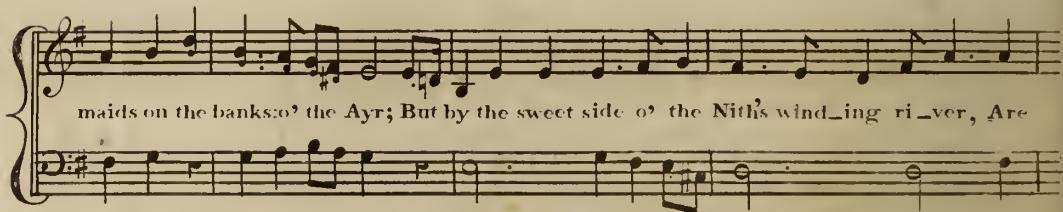
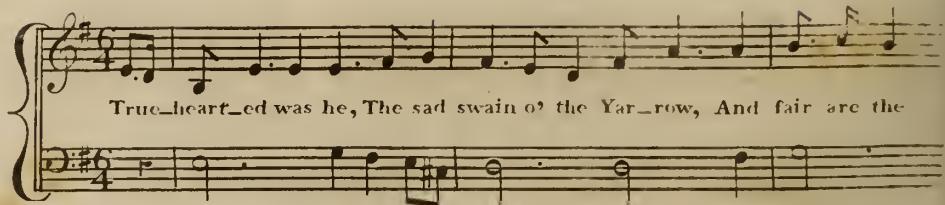
For fear ye mind na me;

For weel I ken there's mony a' aye

That weel might fancy thee;

Then Jamie keep me in your mind

Wha lo'es but only thee.



Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,

And sweet is the lily at evening close;

But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,

Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,

Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law,

And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!

Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a!

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Same Air.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw,
 The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
 The Mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnny,
 An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome an' cheery;
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
 An' naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
 An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnny;
 'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me:
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry win' swelling;
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my ee;
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

Slow

O, see that form that faint-ly gleams! 'Tis Oscar come to clear my

dreams! On wings of wind he flies a-way; O stay, my love-ly Os-car, stay!

Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,
 And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
 The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

THE LAZY MIST.

The musical score consists of four staves of music for piano and voice. The top two staves are for the right hand of the piano, and the bottom two staves are for the left hand. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two flats. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'hr' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are as follows:

The la - zy mist hangs on the brow of the
 hill, Con - ceal - ing the course of the dark - wind - ing rill. How
 Ian - guid the see - nes late so spright - ly ap - pear, As
 Au - tumn to Win - ter re - signs the pale * year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain,
 How little of life's scanty span may remain—
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd
 And downward how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
 Life is not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

I will a-wa wi my love, I will a-wa wi' her; Tho'
 a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her. I'll
 o'er Bo-gie, o'er Bo-gie, O'er Bo-gie wi' her, Tho'
 a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa wi' her I'll gae.
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,
 And wordy o' my hand,
 And weel I wat we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Siccen a wark's they hae wi' siller,
 And wi' a grand descent,
 But Bet counts cousin to the Laird
 So they may be content.
 And I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

My Uncle he does threaten me,
 My Aunty luiks fu' sour,
 Tho' naething can they say ava'
 But that the lassie's puir.
 And I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

LOUD ROAR'D THE TEMPEST.

Loud roar'd the tem-pest, the night was de-scent-ing, A-lone to the
 beach was the fair mai-den wen-ding; She eyed the dark wave thro' its light-foaming
 co-ver; And chill grew her heart, as she thought on her Lo-ver.

Long has she wander'd, her maiden heart fearing;
 Wild rolls her eye, but no bark is appearing;
 No kind star of light thro' the dark sky is beaming,
 And far is the cliff where the beacon is gleaming.

In vain for thy love the beacon-flame's burning,
 And vain is thy gaze to describ him returning;
 No longer he strives 'gainst the billows' rude motion,
 For heavy they roll o'er his bed of the ocean.

Ah! where is my child gone, long, long does she tarry!
 Fond mother, forbear, thou'rt not heard by thy Mary,
 For sound is her sleep on the dark weedy pillow,
 Her bed the cold' sand, and her sheet the rude billow.

THE MAID OF GLENCONNEL.

The pearl of the foun-tain, the rose of the val-ley, Are

sparkling and love-ly, are stainless and mild; The pearl sheds its ray 'neath the
 dark wa-ter gai-ly, The rose opes its blos-som to bloom on the wild. The
 pearl and the rose are the em-blems of Ma-ry, The Maid of Glen-
 connel, once love-ly and gay; A false lo-ver wo'd her — Ye
 dam-sels be wa-ry — Now scath'd is the blos-som, — now dimm'd is the ray.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain,
 Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gale;
 At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain;
 Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.
 With the flowers of the willow-tree blent is her tresses,
 Now, woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen
 Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses, —
 How fondly he vow'd — and how false he has been.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome vales, Where late with care-less

steps I rang'd; Tho' prest with care, and sunk in woe, To thee I

bring a heart un-chang'd. I love thee, Dee, thy banks & glades, Tho'

mem'ry there my bosom tear; For there he rov'd that

broke my heart, Yet to that heart, Oh! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
 And saw me once supremely blest
 Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,
 And give a forlorn maiden rest!
 And should the false one hither stray,
 No vengeful spirit bid him fear;
 But tell him, tho' he broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart he still was dear.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THOSE FAR AWAY.

Here's a health to those far away, Who are gone to war's fatal plain; Here's a
 health to those who were here 't other day, But who ne'er may be with us again, -oh! never!

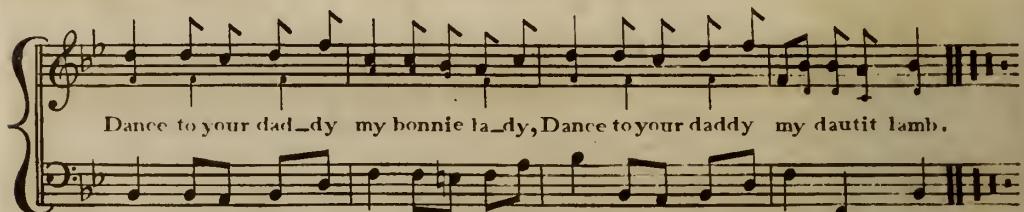
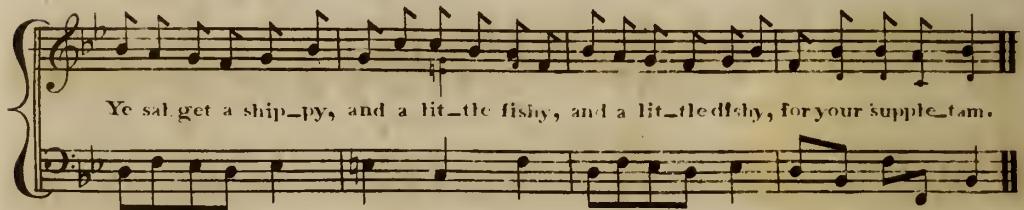
'Tis hard to be parted from those, With whom we for_ever could dwell; But bitter in-
 deed is the sorrow that flows, When perhaps we are saying farewell, for ev_er.

Here's a health to those far away,
 Who are gone to war's fatal plain;
 Here's a health to those who were here 't other day,
 But who ne'er may be with us again,-oh never.
 Tho' those whom we tenderly love
 Our tears at this moment may claim;
 A balm to our sorrow this truth sure must prove,
 They'll live in the records of fame, for ever!

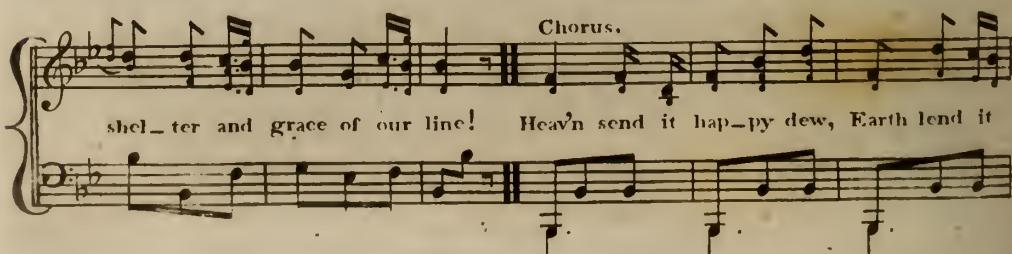
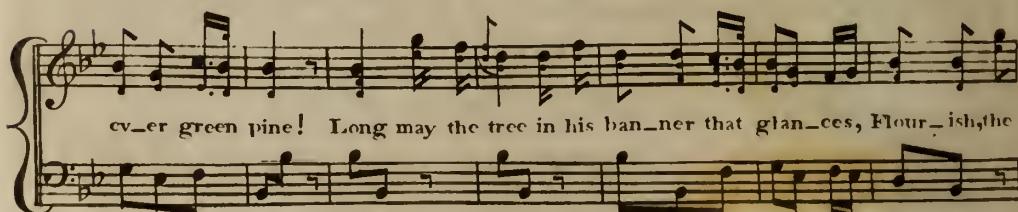
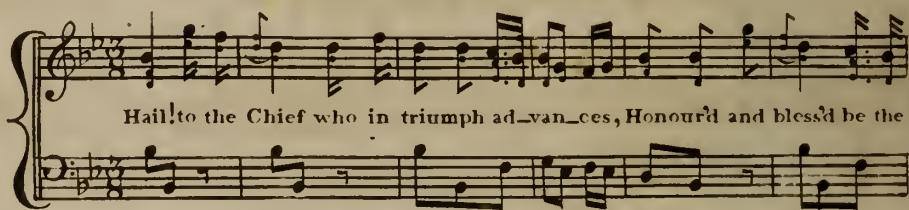
HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA. Same Air.

Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 And wha winna wish gude luck to the cause,
 May never gude luck be their fa! Hinny.
 It's gude to be merry and wise;
 It's gude to be honest and true;
 It's gude to be affwi'the auld love,
 Before we be on wi' the new, Hinny.

Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o'the clans,
 Although that his band be but sma, Hinny.
 Here's freedom to him that would read;
 Here's freedom to him that would write;
 There's nae ever feared that the truth should be heard
 But they whom the truth would indite, Hinny.



HAIL TO THE CHIEF.



sap a-new, Gai-ly to hour-geom, and broad-ly to grow, While ev'-ty highland glen
 Sends our shout back a-gen, "Roderigh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in Winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade,
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock;
 Flimflam he roots him the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
 Lennox and Leven glen
 Shake, when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, Vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever green pine!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honoured and blessed, in their shadow might grow!
 Loud should Clan Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

Lively

What's a' the steer, Kimmer? What's a' the steer? Charlie he is landed, An'



haith, he'll soon be here. The win' was at his back, Carle, The win' was at his

back: I care na, sin' he's come, Carle, We were na worth a plack. I'm right glad to

2d Verse.

heart, Kimmer, I'm right glad to heart; I ha'e a gude braid Claymore, And

for his sake I'll weart. Sin' Charlie he is landed, We ha'e nae mair to

fear; Sin' Charlie he is come, Kimmer, We'll ha'e a Jubilee year.

O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

Lively

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley, As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's

gane, like Al-ex-an-der, To spread her con-quests far-ther. To

see her is to love her, And love but her for ev-er; For

na-ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic an-ith-er.

Thou art a Queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy Subjects we before thee;
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts of men adore thee.
 The diel he coudna skaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee"

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselfs sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a Lass,
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

AH! CHLORIS.

Slow

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit As un-con-cern'd, as
 when Your in-fant beau-ty could be - get No
 hap - pi - ness, nor pain. When I thy dawn - ing
 did ad - mire, And prais'd the com - ing day, I lit - tle
 thought that ri - sing fire Wou'd take my rest a - way.

Your charms,in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in the mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine;
 But as your charms,insensibly,
 To their perfection press'd;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloriéd in their wanton part,
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 To make a beauty, she.

GILDEROY.

Same Air.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
Had roses till his shoon;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging down;
It was, I weene, a comlie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sic twa charming een he had,
Breath sweet as ony rose;
He never wore a Hightland plaid,
But costly silken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of auld and young,
Nane e'er to him was eoy;
Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in ae toun thegither;
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luve ilk ither;
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
To think upon the bridal-day
Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Wi' joy, I freitly bought
A wedding-sark of holland fine,
Wi' dainty ruffles wrought:
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy;
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife!
And he, in mony a vent'rous deed,
His courage-bauld wad try,
And this now gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd were they,
Wi' irons his limbs they strung,
To Edinborow they led him there
And on a Gallows hung.
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae bauld a boy:
There died the youth whom I lo'ed best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,
I bare his corse away;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I wash'd his comlie clay;
And sicker, in a grave right deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy
And now for ever I maun weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat my ee;
I gied him sic a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!
Now speed theeweil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy!

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ev'ry town,
And bauldly bare awa' the gear
Of mony a lawland loun:
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was so brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
That my love let me want;
For cow and ewe he brought to me,
And e'en when they were scant.
All these did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their cess*
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse, or mare;
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I ne'er had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He might hae banisht been;
Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As, thee, my Gilderoy.

*This cess is well known by the name of Black Mail & was paid by the Inhabitants to the freebooters as a compensation for sparing their cattle, &c.

A ROSE BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A rose-bud by my ear-ly walk, A-down a corn-en-closed
bawk, Sae gen-tly bent its thorn-ny stalk, All on a dew-y mor-ning. Ere
twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crim-son glo-ry spread; And,
droop-ing rich the dew-y head, It scents the ear-ly mor-ning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care,
That tents thy early morning.
So thou sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the Parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

PEGGY, NOW THE KING'S COME.

CARL, AN THE KING COME.

Same Air.

Chorus.

Carl, an the king come,
 Carl, an the king come,
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carl, an the king come.

An somebodie were come again,
 Then somebodie maun cross the main;
 And every man shall hae his ain,
 Carl, an the king come.
 Carl, an, &c.

I trow, we swapped for the worse;
 We gae the boot and better horse,

And that we'll tell them at the cross;

Carl, an the king come.
 Carl, an, &c.

Coggie, an the king come,
 Coggie, an the king come,
 I'se be thou, and thou'se be toom,
 Coggie, an the king come.
 Coggie, an, &c.

CHARLIE'S FAREWELL.

Plaintive

Fare-weel, fare-weel, my gal-lant hearts a', Fare-weel to Scotland, aye sae dear; I weep for the ills that on thee's fa'en, And a' the wrangs that thou maun bear.

O Scotland, thou'rt but a reckless name!
A reckless fate abideth thee!
The bonniest spot in a' Christendom
Is the haunt of guilt and treacherie!

O gin my grave were Culloden field,
Whare drapt the flowers o' chivalrie;
O Scotland! Scotland! that I should live,
To mourn the wrangs o' thine an' thee!

O fare thee weel, thou bonnie Scotland,
Thy stay and prop I wish'd to be;
But thee an' thine I will ne'er forget,
Tho' I am banish'd far frae thee.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE?

What will I do gin my Hoggie die? My joy, my pride, my Hoggie; My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but I was vo-gie.

The lee-lang' night we watch'd the fauld, Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We
heard nought but the roar-ing linn, A-mang the braes sae scrog-gie. But the
hou-let cry'd frae the Cas-tle wa'; The blit-ter frae the bog-gie; The
tod re-ply'd up-on the hill, I trem-bled for, my Hog-gie. When
day did daw', and cocks did craw, The morn-ing it was fog-gie; An
un-co tyke lap o'er the dyke, And maist has kill'd my Hog-gie.

My Partie is a lo - ver gay, His mind is ne - ver
 mud - dy; His breath is sweet - er than new hay, His
 face is fair and rud - dy. His shape is hand - some,
 mid - dle size, He's stately in his wa - king; The shining of his
 een sur - -prise; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw - -king.

Last night I met him on the bawk
 Where yellow corn was growing;
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He often vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing singsyne,
 "O corn-riggs are bonny!"

And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler hae to
 spare, Gin y'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think o' Do-nald
 mair. O wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken
 heart? Or, what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die;
 For I hae pledged my' virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He, gratefu', took the gift;
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
 It wou'd be waur than theft,
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the

day; Thro' gentle show'r the laughing flow'r, In double pride, were

gay. But now our joys are fled, On winter blasts, a - wa'; Yet

maid-en May, in rich ar-ray, A - gain shall bring them a.

But my white powe, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re - turn -

ing, Wi'mony a sweet babe fatherless, And mo-ny a wi-dow mourn-ing. 1

left the lines and ten-ten field, Where lang I'd been a lod-ger, My

hum-ble knap-sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon-est sod-ger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling?
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, 'sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be a lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang;
Take pity on a sodger.'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, 'a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never;
Our humble eot and hameley fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't?'

She gaz'd, she reddend like a rose,
Syne pale as ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willy?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man, and thus' may still,
True lovers be rewarded!"

"The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, 'my Grandsire left me goud,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

CULLODEN MUIR.

Cul-lo-den muir, Cul-lo-den field, Long wilt thou be re-
 mem-ber'd: On thee the He-ro no-bly fell, And with the dead was num-ber'd; On
 thee the dear-est blood was shed, By num-bers dou-bled fair-ly; On
 thee the Clans of Scot-land bled For their dear Roy-al Char-lie.

Thy broad brown sward that day was dy'd,
 The howes were clotted o'er;
 From gaping wounds incessant flow'd
 The red, red-reeking gore:
 Thou drank'st the precious blood of those
 Who fought that day fu'sairly,
 A glorious day for Scotland's foes,
 Eventful for Prince Charlie!

Oh! Charlie, noble, gallant youth,
 Thy memory Scots revere;
 They lov'd thee with the warmest truth,
 Their hearts were all sincere:
 But traitor knaves, with bri'b're base,
 Made death's darts fly fu' rarely,
 And Scotland lang will mind the place
 She lost her Royal Charlie.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

‘O, Las-sie, wilt thou go To the Lo-mond wi’ me? The
 wild thyme’s in bloom, And the flow’rs on the lea; Wilt thou
 go, my dear-est love? I will ev-er con-stant prove, I’ll
 range each hill and grove On the Lo-mond wi’ thee.

“O young Men are fickle,
 Nor trusted to be,
 And many a native gem
 Shines fair on the lee;
 Thou may see some lovely flower
 Of a more attractive power,
 And may take her to thy bower,
 On the Lomond wi’ thee.”

“The hynd shall forsake,
 On the mountain, the doe;
 The Stream of the fountain
 Shall cease for to flow;
 Benlomond shall bend
 His high brow to the Sea,
 Ere I take to my bower,
 Any flower, love, but thee?

She’s taken her mantle,
 He’s taken his plaid;
 He coft her a ring,
 And he made her his bride;
 They’re far o’er yon hills
 To spend their happy days,
 And range the woody glens
 ‘Mang the Lomond Braes.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs, Of high and mighty name, The
 bra-vest was Sir James, the Ross, A Knight of me-icle fame. His
 growth was like a youthful Oak That crowns the moun-tain's brow, And
 wav-ing, o'er his shoul-ders broad, His locks o' yel-low flew.

The Chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
 A firm undaunted band;
 Five hundred Warriors drew the sword
 Beneath his high command.
 In bloody fight thrice had he stood
 Against the English keen,
 Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
 This blooming youth had seen.

* * * * *

YOUNG WATERS.

About Zule, when the wind blew cold, And the round ta-bles be-

gan, A! ther is cum to our King's curt, Mo-ny a weel-favour'd man.

The Queen luikt owre the cas-tle wa', Be-held baith dale and down, And

there she saw Zoung Wa-ters Cum ry-ding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
And 'mantel o' the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeas'd he wadna be;
Bot, for the words which she had said,
Zoung Waters he maun die!

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse zoung Waters rade upon,
Was fleeter than the wind.

They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
Put fetters on his feit;
They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

But then spack a wylie Lord,
Unto the Queen said he,
"O tell quha's the fairest face
Rides in the companie?"

"Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toun
In the wind bot and the weit,
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toun
Wi' fetters at my feit.

'I've seen Lord, and I've seen Laird,
And knichts o' high degree,
But a fairer face than zoung Waters'
Mine eyne did never see.

"Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toun
In the wind bot and the rain,
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toun
Neir to return again?"

Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he,)
"O if, he had been twice as fair,
Zou might hae excepted me!"

They hae taen to the heid-ing hill
His zoung son in his cradle,
And they hae taen to the heid-ing hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

"Zou're neither Laird nor Lord," she says,
"But the King that wears the crown;
Ther is not a knicht in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down?"

They hae taen to the heid-ing hill
His Lady fair to see!
And for the words the Queen had spek,
Zoung Waters he did die!

KELVIN GROVE.

Andante

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie O, Through its
 mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O; Where the
 rose, in all its pride, Paints the hollow dingle
 side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the Mill, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the lofty water-fall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,
 With the songsters in the grove
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
 To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
 Ere the golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall mid'st battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wit thou, Ellen, when you hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his mein'ry drop a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

With
Melancholy
Expression

Life! what art thou? a variegated scene, Of mingled light and

shade, of joy and woe; A sea where calms and storms pro-

miscuous reign, A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow, Fair have I

seen thy morn in smiles ar-ray'd, With crimson blush be-

paint the eastern sky, But now the dawn creeps mourn-ful o'er the

glade, Shroud-ed in col-ours of a sa-ble dye.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

“Whare’ live ye, my bon_nie lass? And tell me what they o’ ye?”

“My name, she says, is Miss_tress Jean, And I fol_low the Collier laddie,

“See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a’ are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye’ll leave your Collier laddie.
They a’ are, &c.”

“Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
And aye to wait on every hand,
Gin ye’ll leave your Collier laddie.
And aye to wait,” &c.

‘If ye had a’ the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I’d turn my back on you and it a’,
And be true to my Collier laddie.
I’d turn, &c.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

Lively Argyle is my name and you may think it strange, To live at a Court, yet

ne_ver to change; A’ false_hood and flat_tery I do dis_dain, In

my sec_ret thoughts nae guile does remain. My King and my Country’s faes I have

fac'd; In ci_ty or bat_le I ne'er was disgrac'd; I do ev'_ry thing for my
 country's weal, And I'll feast up_on bannocks o' barley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 An' put my blue bonnet an' my plaidy on,
 Wi' my silk tartan hose an' leather-heel'd shoon,
 An' then I shall look like a sprightly loon.
 An' whan I'm sae dress'd frae tap to toe,
 To meet my dear Maggy I vow I will gae,
 Wi' swagger and hanger hung down to my heel,
 An' I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich present to gie to my dear,
 A ribbon o' green for Maggy to wear,
 An' mony thing brawer than that, I declare,
 Gin she'll gang wi' me to Paisley fair.
 An' whan we're married I'll keep her a Cow,
 An' Maggie will milk when I gae at the plow;
 We'll live a' the winter on beef an' lang kail,
 An' we'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggy shou'd chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King, as his daddy's done;
 Well hie him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 An' then hame to Scotland, an' get him a farm.
 An' there we will live thro' our industry,
 An' whall be sae happy's my Maggy an' me?
 We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then, fare_ye_well, Citizens, noisy men,
 Your ratt'ling o' coaches in Drury_lane,
 Ye bucks o' Bear_garden, I bid ye adieu,
 For drinking an' swearing I leave it to you.
 I'm fairly resolv'd for a country life,
 An' nae langer will live in hurry and strife,
 I'll aff to the Highlands as hards I can feel,
 An' I'll whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin, Nor ane that's dear to me;

For the bonnie lad, that I loe best, He's far a-yont the sea.

He's gane wi' ane that was our ain, And we may rue the day, When

our king's ae daughter came here To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonnie bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see:
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale,
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wing,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood,
 Will soon blaw hame our king.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I loe best,
 And ane I darena name!

The tither morn, When I for-lorn A-neath an aik sat moan-ing, I
 did na trow I'd see my Jo Be-side me gain the gloa-ming. But
 he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, And can-ti-ly did cheer me, When
 I, what reck, Did least ex-pect To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he
 A thought a-jee,
 Like Sodger, sprush and bonny,
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' pleasure grat,
 To find this Sodger Johnie!
 Fye on the weir!
 I late and air
 Hae thought, since Jock departed;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
 Upon the green,
 When a' were blyth and merry,
 I car'dna by,
 Sae sad was I,
 In absence o' my dearie;
 But now I'm blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 Sae happy wi' my Johnie;
 At tryste an' fair,
 I be 'ay be there,
 And be as cauntys ony.

DONALD COUPER.

Chorus.

Canty { Hey Don - ald, how Don - ald, Hey Don - ald Cou - per; He's
 { gane a - wa to seek a wife, And he's come hame with - out her. O

{ Don - ald Cou - per and his man, Held to a High - land fair, man, And
 { a to seek a bon - nie lass; But fient a ane was there, man.

Hey Donald, how Donald,
 Hey Donald Couper,
 He's gane awa to seek a wife,
 And he's come hame without her.

At length he got a Carlin gray,
 And she's come hirplin hame, man;
 And she's faen o'er the buffet-stool,
 And brak her collar-bane, man.
 Hey Donald, &c.

HERSELL BE HIGHLAND SHENTLEMAN.

Lively. { Her - sell be High - land Shen - tle - man, Be auld as Poth - well

A musical score for three voices and piano. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff in D major, and the bottom staff in G major. The lyrics are: "prig, man; And mo-ny al-ter-a-tions seen Amang te Lawland Whig, man; Fa- la, la la, Fa la la la, la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la, Fa la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa lá la la, Fa la la la." The piano part is mostly sustained notes.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was trowing cows, man;
There was nae laws about him then,
About the preeks, or trews, man.

Fa la, &c.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
Te plaid prick't on her shoulder;
Te guid claymore hung pe her belt,
Te pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

Fa la, &c.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
 Be turn't to alteration;
Te sodger dwell at our toor-sheek,
 An' tat's te great vexation.

Fa la, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws bring on te cadger:
Nainsell wad durk her for her deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Fa la, &c.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills

Where ne'er a one dare turn her,
An' no come near her Turnimspike.
Unless it pe to purr her.

Fa la, &c.

Nae doubts, Nainsell maun tra her purse,
An' pay him what hims like, man;
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man!

Fa la, &c.

Slowly with expression.

O speed, Lord Nithsdale, speedy fast, Sin' ye maun frae your Countric
 flee; Nae mer-ey mot fa' to your share; Nae pi-ty is for thine an' thee. Thy
 La-dy sits in lane-ly bower, And fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And
 aye she sighs, "O blow ye winds, And bear Lord Nithsdale far frae me?"

Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,
 While kneeling by the taper bright;
 But a red drap cam to her cheek,
 As shone the morning's rosy light.
 Lord Nithsdale's Bark she mot na see,
 Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main:
 "O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
 "Wha sic a comely knight had slain?"

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love;
 But he thought on his Countric's wrang;
 And he was deem'd a traitor synge,
 And forc'd, frae a' he lov'd, to gang.
 "Oh! I will gae to my lov'd Lord,
 He may na smile, I trow, bot me;"
 But hame, and ha' and bonnie bowers,
 Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's ee.

A COCK-LAIRD, FU' CADGIE.

A Cock - Laird, fu' cad - gie, With Jen - ny did

meet; He tauld her his er - rand, And , bauld - ly did

speak: "Gin thou'lт gae a - lang with me, Jen - ny," quoth

he, "Thou'se be my ain La - dy, Jo Jen - ny, Jen - ny.

"If I gang alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels,
And good hackett kail?
"What for a' this nicey,
Jenny?" quoth he;
"Mayna bannocks o' bear-meal
Be as good for thee?"

"And I maun hae pinners
With pearlyng set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown.
"Awa' wi' sic vanities,
Jenny," quoth he,
"For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

"My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As haud us in pottage
And good knockit beer;
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny," quoth he.

THE EAST' NUlk O' FIFE.

Lively

Oh, hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! Oh hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! Oh,
 hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! A weel-fard' Lass, and a can-ty Wife. A
 can-ty Wife, a can-ty Wife, A weel-fard' Lass may be my Wife; Gae
 seek them whare ye'll find them rife, There's wale o' them in the nuik o' Fife.
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at e'en,
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at e'en,
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at e'en,
 But it's langer yet 'till Monday morn.
 And then her answer she will gie,
 And then I'll ken if she fancies me;
 If she says na; fient a prin I care,
 But I'll never speer a Fife Lass mair.

O WAKE THEE, WAKE THEE, MY BONNIE BIRD.

Lively

O wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie bird, And sing thy matin
 lay! O wake thee, O wake thee, my bon-nie, bon-nie bird! For the

Sun is up on his way. The foliage soughs in the mor-ning breeze, An' the
 green leaves glit-ter in the Sun, The spray rows white o'er the bounding
 seas, An' the vil-lage bell is be-gun. Then wake thee, O wake thee, mine
 ain bon-nie bird! And sing thy ma-tin lay, For the tap boughs swing, my
 bon-nie, bon-nie bird, In the sougħ o' the new sprung day.



The silv'ry clouds, like sheeted ghaists,
 Take their flight o'er the pure blue sky;
 And the laverocks are pillow'd on their downy breasts,
 And are borne with their Anthems on high.
 Then wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie bird!
 O wake while it is day!
 For the night comes sweet, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
 When the morning is hail'd wi' thy lay.

"Gin Liv-ing worth cou'd win my heart, You woud nae
 speak in vain; But in the Dark-some Grave it's laid, Ne-
 ver to rise a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies low wi'
 his, Whose heart was on - ly mine; And, oh! what a
 heart was that to lose, But I maun no re - pine.

"Yet oh! gin Heavn in mercy soon,
 Wou'l grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
 And see, his gentle spirit comes
 To shew me on my way;
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondring at my stay,

"I come, I come! my Jamie dear;
 And oh! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead!
 Ye canna lead to ill!"
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded check possest,
 Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

How blythe was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the hill, He leapt the
 burn and flew to me, I met him wi' good will. O the broom, the bonny bonny
 broom, The broom of the Cow-den-knowes, I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi'
 his pipe and my ewes; O the broom, the bonny bonny broom.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay,
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the truest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee soup whey;
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly useles by.
 O the broom, &c.

Thickest night surrounds my dwelling! Howling tempests o'er me

rave! Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave! Crystal

streamlets, gently flowing, Bussy haunts of base mankind, Western

breezes, softly blowing, Suit not my distract-ed mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heavens denied success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend!

GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNY.

"O gae to the Kye wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the Kye wi' me; O

gae to the Kye wi' me John_ny, And I'll be mer_r_y wi' thee?" "Oh!

Las_sie, I'm wea_r_y wand'_rin, I've gaen mair miles than three; I'se

no gang the day to the her_din, Its fash_ous and nae_thing to see? "O

gae to the Kye wi' me, John_ny, Gae to the Kye wi' me; O

gae to the Kye wi' me, John_ny, And I'll be mer_r_y wi' thee?"

"Oh we'll tak a rest at the shieling,
Anent the tap o' the hill,
And there's a loch o' pure water
Whare ye may drink yere fill.
Oh gae, &c.

"Amang the rocks and the heather
A burn does roaring fa',
And there the trouties are loupin,
The bonniest ever I saw!"
Oh gae, &c.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

Be_neath a green shade, a love_ly young swain, One
 eve_ning re_clind, to dis_eco_ver his pain; So sad, yet so
 sweet_ly, he war_bled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the
 foun_tains to flow: Rude winds, with com_passion, could hear him com-
 plain, Yet Chloe, less gen_tle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

PINKIE HOUSE.

By Pin_kie House oft, let me walk, And

muse, o'er Nel_ly's charms; Her pla_cid air, her

win_ning talk, E'en en_vy's self dis_arms; O let me,

e_ver fond, be_hold Those graces void of art! Those

chearful smiles, that sweet_ly hold In wil_ling chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you
 By nature's hand design'd.
 These lovely as the blushing rose
 First lighted up this flame,
 Which, like the Sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same.

With bro-ken words and downcast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his pass-ion

ten-der, And part-ing with his Lue-ey cries, Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder!

To oth-ers I am cold as snow, But kin-dle with thine eyes like tin-der; From

thee with pain I'm fore'd to go, It breaks my heart that we should sun-der.

CARLISLE YETTS.

White was the rose in his gay bon-net, As he faul-ded me

in his brooch-ed plaid-ie; His hand whilk clasp'd the truth o' love, O

it was aye in bat - tle ready! His lang, lang hair, in yel - low
 b. hanks, Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and roud - die; But now they
 wave o'er Car - lisle yetts, In drip - ping ring - lets clot - ting blood - ie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,
 My brother's in that hare-bells blossom;
 This white rose was steeped in my luv'e's blood,
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

* * * * *

* * * * *

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
 Was neer a town sae sweetly seeming;
 The white rose flaunted ower the wall,
 The Thistled banners far were streaming!

When I came next by merry Carlisle,
 O sad, sad seemed the town, and eerie!
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,
 "O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"

* * * * *

* * * * *

There's ae drop o' blood upon my breast,
 And twa in my links o' hair, sae yellow;
 The tane I'll neer wash, and the tither ne'er kane,
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow,
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart!

Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie!
 Whilk feasts 'in our truest Scottish blude,
 And maks sae mony a dolef' widow.

A Lass that was la-den with care, Sat hea-vily un-der yon thorn; I

list-end a while for to hear, When thus she be-gan for to mourn: "When-

ever my dear shep-herd was there, The birds did me-lo-diously sing, And

cold_nip-ping win-ter did wear A face that re-sem-bled the spring. Sae

mer-ry as we twa hae been, Sae mer-ry as we twa hae been; My

heart it is like for to break When I think on the days we hae seen."

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER JAMIE.

Slow
with
Expression

Thou hast left me ev_er! Ja_mie; Thou hast left me ev_er!

Af_ten hast thou vow'd that death On_ly should us se_ever,

Now thou'st left thy lass for aye, I maun see thee nev_er, Ja_mie,

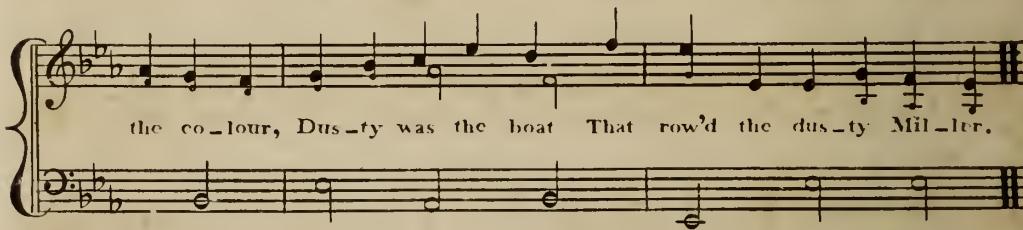
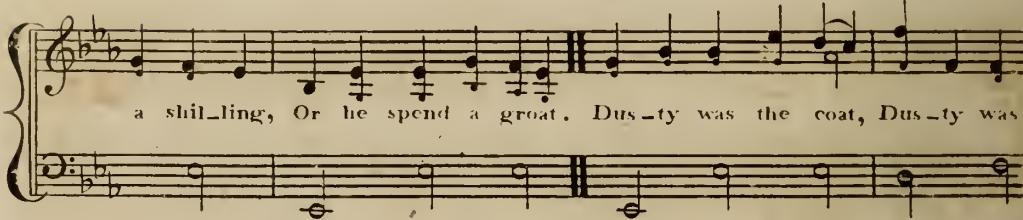
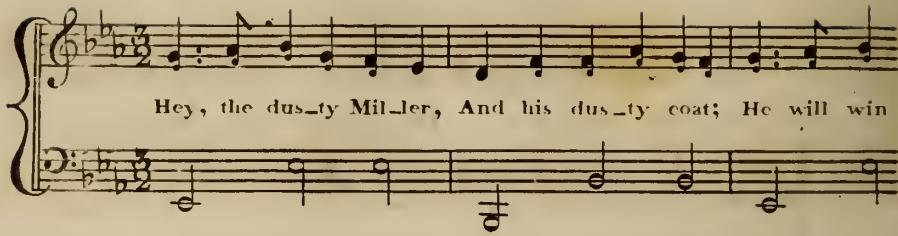
I'll see thee nev_er. Thou hast me for_sa肯, Ja_mie,

Thou hast me for_sa肯! Thou canst love a_nith_er Jo,

While my heart is break_ing! Soon my wea_r_y een'll close,

Nev_er mair to wa_kin, Ja_mie, Nev_er mair to wa_kin.

THE DUSTY MILLER.

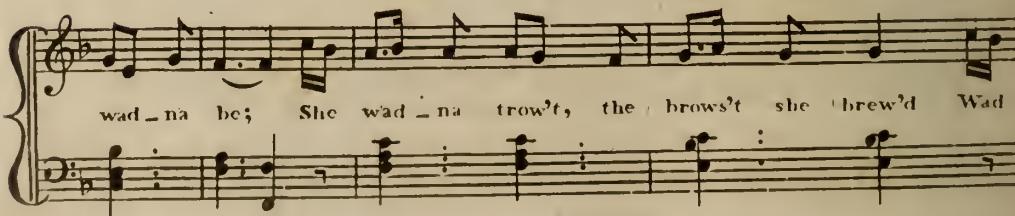
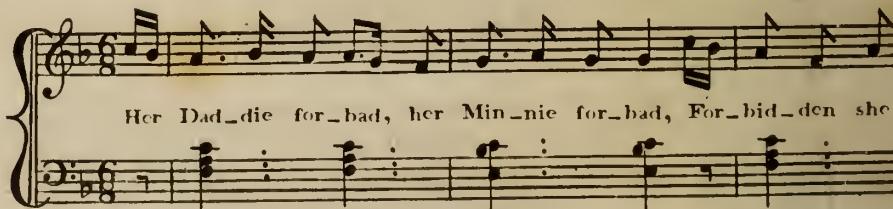


Hey, the Dusty Miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.

Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
Mony is the groat
He wins, the dusty Miller.



JUMPIN' JOHN.



taste sae bit - ter - lie. The lang lad, they ea' Jum - pin
 John, Aft spierd the bon - nie las - sie; But Fai - ther and
 Mith - er a - greed the - gi - ther, That nae sic match sud be.

A Cow and a Cauf, a Ewe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillins and three;
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonie black ee.
 Her Daddie, &c.

Her Daddie had her counsel tak,
 But counsel she tuik nae;
 And lang and sair the lassie rued,
 Sae fuil-like sh'd been taen.
 Her Daddie, &c.

"Oh! for my Daddie's kindly luik,
 My Minnie's kindly care!
 Gin I were in their ingle nuik,
 I'd never leave it mair!"
 Her Daddie, &c.

Lively

The Bride came out of the byre, And O as she dighted her cheeks! "Sirs,
 I'm to be mar_ried the night, And has nei_ther blan_kets nor sheets; Has
 nei_ther blan_kets nor sheets, Nor scarce a coverlet too, The Bride that has a'
 thing to bor_ow, Has o'en right mei_kle a-do." Wood and mar_ried and a',
 Wood and married and a'; And was nae she ver.y well aff, That was wooed and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the pleugh,
 "O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
 And ye's get gear enough;
 The stirk that stands i'th' tether,
 And our braw basin'd yade
 Will carry ye hame your corn;
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?"
 Wood and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 "What for needs a' this pride!
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark but twa,
 And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,
 When I had nane ava?"
 Wood and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither
 As he came in wi' the kye,
 "Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud and saucy,
 And nae for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life?"
 Wood and married, &c.

LOVELY LASS O' MONORGAN.

Like yon-der lone-ly tur-tle dove, That coo-ing
 mourns its ab-sent love, To sha-dy groves must I re-pair, And
 vent my hope-less pas-sion there. Oh! lovely lass o' Mo-nor-
 gon! What will I do when you are gone? For, do you think my
 heart can stay Be-hind, when you are far a-way.

No, no, my dear, when'er we part,
 Take with you my poor bleeding heart;
 But use it kindly, for you know
 How much it lov'd you long ago;
 You know to what a great degree,
 Sighing for you, it wasted me;
 But one sweet smile could well repay
 The pains, and troubles of this day.

DUKE HAMILTON.

Duke Ham - il - ton was as fine a Lord, Fal la la de
 ral de re, O, As ev - er Scot - land could af - ford, Fal
 lal de ral de re, O. For per - son - al y - a - - lour
 few was there, Could with his Grace the Duke com - pare; How
 he was mur - der'd you shall hear, Fal la la de ral de re, O.

Lord Mohoun and he fell out of late,

, Fal la la, &c.

About some trifles of the state,

Fal la la, &c.

So high the words between them rose,

As very soon it turn'd to blows;

How it will end there's nobody knows,

Fal la la, &c.

Lord Mohoun, who never man could face,
Fal lal, &c.

Unless in some dark and private place,
Fal lal, &c.

Lord Mohun, who never man could face,
Unless in some dark and private place,
He sent a challenge unto his Grace,
Fal lal, &c.

Betimes in the morning his Grace arose,
Fal lal, &c.

And straight to Colonel Hamilton goes,
Fal lal, &c.

Your company, Sir, I must importune,
Betimes in the morning, and very soon,
To meet General M^cCartney & Lord Mohoun,
Fal lal, &c.

The Colonel replies, I am your slave,
Fal lal, &c.

To follow your Grace unto the grave,
Fal lal, &c.

Then they took Coach without delay,
And to Hyde Park by break of day,
O there began the bloody fray,
Fal lal, &c.

No sooner out of Coach they light,
Fal lal, &c.

But Mohoun and M^cCartney came in sight,
Fal lal, &c.

No sooner out of Coach they light,
But Mohoun and M^cCartney came in sight,
O then began the bloody fight,
Fal lal, &c.

This done the traitor ran away,
Fal lal, &c.

And was not heard of for many a day,
Fal lal, &c.

In christian land let's hear no more
Of duelling, and human gore;
The story's told, I say no more,
But, fal lal, &c.

Then bespake the brave Lord Mohoun,
Fal lal, &c.

I think your Grace is here full soon,
Fal lal, &c.

I wish your Grace would put it by,
Since blood for blood for vengeance cry,
And loath I am this day to die,
Fal lal, &c.

Then bespake the Duke his Grace,
Fal lal, &c.

Saying, go find out a proper place,
Fal lal, &c.

My Lord, to me the challenge you sent,
To see it out is my intent,
Till my last drop of blood be spent,
Fal lal, &c.

Then these Heroes swords were drawn,
Fal lal, &c.

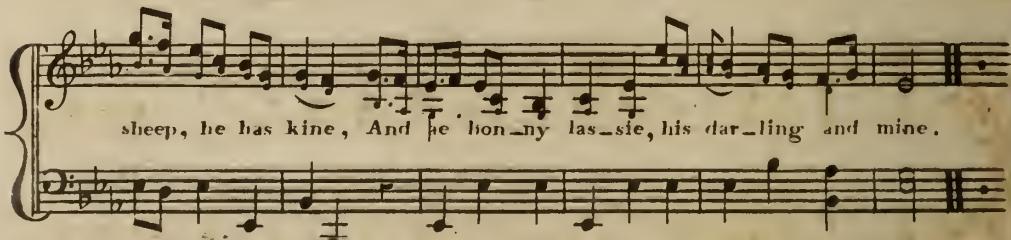
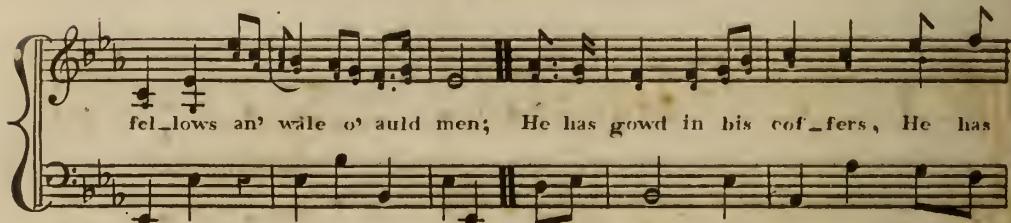
And so lustily they both fell on,
Fal lal, &c.

Duke Hamilton thrust with all his might,
Unto Lord Mohoun thro' his body quite,
And sent him to eternal night,
Fal lal, &c.

By this time his Grace had got a wound,
Fal lal, &c.

Then on the grass as he sat down
Fal lal, &c.

Base M^c Cartney, as we find,
Cowardly, as he was inclined,
Stabb'd his Grace the Duke behind,
Fal lal, &c.



She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,

She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new bay:

As blythe an' as artless as the lambs on the lee,

And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e:

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;

And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;

A wooper like me maunna hope to come speed,

The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;

The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;

I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,

And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

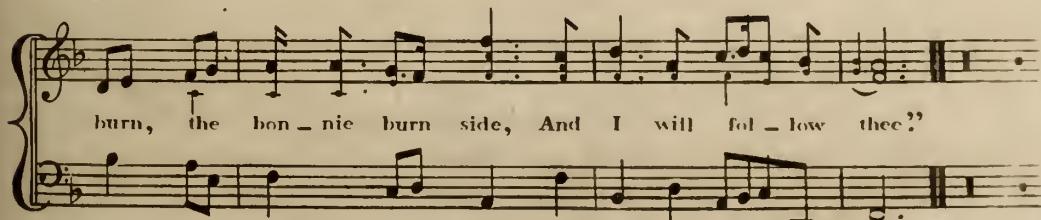
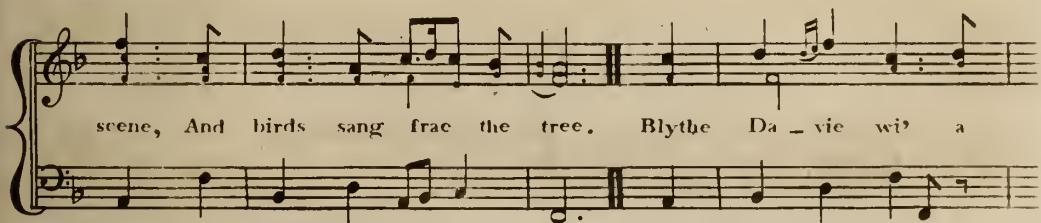
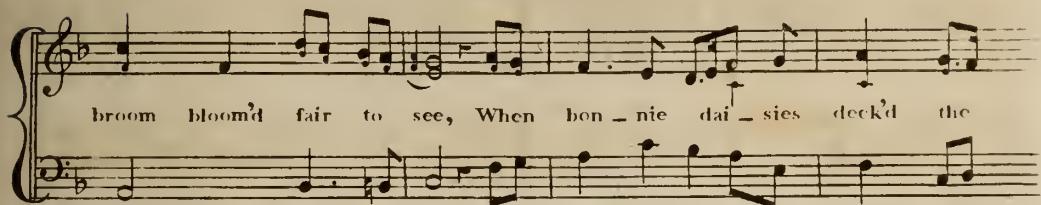
O had she but been of a lower degree,

I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!

O, how past describing had then been my bliss,

As now my destruction no words can express!

DOWN THE BURN' DAVIE.



Where gracefu' birks hing droopin' o'er
 The deep pool's waveless side,
 There, shaded frae the simmer sun,
 The wand'rin' salmon hide,
 And there the little trouties play
 And shine sae bonnily;
 "Gang down, gang down the bonnie burn side,
 And I will follow thee?"

Slow and
Solemn.

Where floated crane, and clam'rous gull, A-hove the misty shores of Mull, And

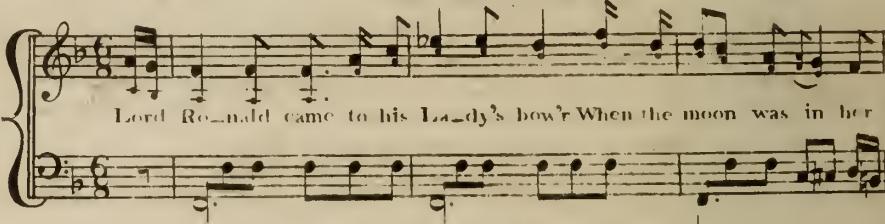
ever-more the billows rave 'Round many a Saint and Sov'reign's grave.

There, round Columba's ruins gray,
The shades of monks are wont to stray,
And slender forms of nuns, that weep
In moonlight by the murmuring deep.

When fancy moulds up on the mind
Light visions on the passing wind,
And woos, with faltering tongue and sigh,
The shades o'er memory's wilds that fly.

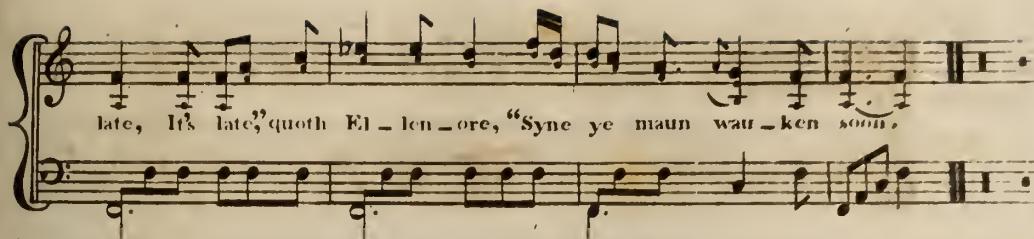
That, in that still and solemn hour,
Might stretch imagination's power,
And restless fancy revel free
In painful, pleasing luxury.

LORD RONALD CAME TO HIS LADY'S BOW'R.



wane; Lord Ronald came at a late late hour, And to her bow'r is gane. He

softly stepped in his sandal shoon, And softly laid him down: "It's



"Lord Ronald, stay 'till the early cock
 Shall flap his siller wing,
 An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,
 An' loose the silken string?"
 'O Ellenore, my fairest fair!
 O Ellenore, my bride!
 How can ye fear, when my merrymen a'
 Are on the mountain side?"

The moon was hid, the night was sped,
 But Ellenore's heart was wae,
 She heard the cock flap his siller wing,
 An' she watch'd the mornin' ray:
 "Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald dear,
 The mornin' opes it's ee,
 O speed thee to thy father's tow'r,
 And safe, safe, may thou be!"

But there was a Page, a little fause Page,
 Lord Ronald did espy,
 An' he has told his Baron, all,
 Where the hind and hart did lie,
 "It is na for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald,
 Thy father's deeds o' weir,
 But since the hind has come to my laul,
 His blood shall dim my spear?"

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,
 And press'd her lily hand;
 Sic a comely knight, and comely dame,
 Ne'er met in wedlock's band:
 But the Baron watch'd, as he rais'd the latch,
 And kiss'd again his bride;
 And with his spear, in deadly ire,
 He pierc'd Lord Ronald's side.

The life blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek,
 She look'd all wan and ghast,
 She leand her down by Lord Ronald's side,
 An' the blood was rinnin' fast:
 She kiss'd his lip o' the deadlie line,
 But his life she cou'dna stay;
 Her bosom throb'd ae deadlie throb,
 An' their spirits baith fled away.

He's a ter-ri-ble man, John Tod, John Tod; He's a ter-ri-ble man, John
 Tod. He scolds in the house, He scolds at the door, He scolds on the
 ve-ra hie road, John Tod, He scolds on the ve-ra hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
 The weans a' fear John Tod;
 When he's passing by,
 The Mithers will cry,
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
 The callants a' fear John Tod;
 If they steal but a neep,
 The laddie he'll whip,
 And it's unco weel done in John Tod, John Tod, But there's nouse in the lining, John Tod, John Tod,
 It's unco weel done in John Tod.

An' saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod,
 O saw ye nae little John Tod;
 His shoon they were redin,
 And his feet they were seen;
 But stout does he gang on the road John Tod, If he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
 But stout does he gang on the road.

How is he sendin, John Tod, John Tod?
 How is he wendin, John Tod?
 He's seourin the land,
 Wi' his rung in his hand,
 An' the French wad na frighten John Tod, John Tod,
 An' the French wad na frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-britt and tatter'd John Tod, John Tod,
 Ye're tantit and batter'd John Tod;
 Wi' ye're auld stripped coul,
 Ye luik maist like a fuil,
 But there's nouse in the lining, John Tod, John Tod,
 But there's nouse in the lining, John Tod.

He's weel respectit, John Tod, John Tod,
 He's weel respectit, John Tod;
 Tho' a terrible man,
 We'll a' gane wrang,
 If he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
 If he sud leave us, John Tod.

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

Slow

The gloom-y night is gath'-ring fast, Loud roars the wild in -

con-stant blast; Yon mur-ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it

driv-ing o'er the plain. The hun-ter now has left the

moor, The seat-ter'd co-veys meet se-cure, While here I wan-der,

prest with care, A-long the lone-ly banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear;
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpiere'd with many a wound,
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves.
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those,
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

O CHECK, MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.

O check, my love, the falling tear, Which dims thy bonnie e'e;
The world may frown, and friends prove false, But I'll be true to thee.

O check, my love, the rising sigh, Which gently swells thy heart; Hope
whis-pers, soon we'll meet a-gain, And ne-ver, ne-ver, part.

When far awa', that falling tear
Shall aft remember'd be;
The rising sigh, which swells thy heart,
Shall ne'er be lost on me.

Then check, my love, the falling tear
Which dims thy bonny e'e;
The world may frown, and friends prove false,
But I'll be true to thee.

O STAY, SWEET' WARBLING WOODLARK, STAY!

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay! Nor quit for me the
trembling spray, A hopeless lo-ver courts thy lay, Thy soothing fond complaining.

A-gain, a-gain, that ten-der part! That I may catch thy melt-ing art; For
sure-ly that would touch her heart, Wha kills me wi' dis-dain-ing.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nought, but love and sorrow joind,
Sic notes of woe could wauken!

Thou tell'st of never-ending care,
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.

Thou cauld gloomy Feb-er-war, O gin thou wert a-wa!, I'm
wae to hear thy sugh-ing winds, I'm wae to see thy snaw; For my
bon-nie brave young High-lan-d-er, The lad I lo'e sae dear, Has
vow'd to come and see me In the spring of the year.

Slow

There was a bat_tle in the north, And No_bles there was many; And
 they hae kill'd Sir Char_lie Hay, And they laid the wyte on Geor_die.

O he has written a lang letter,
 He sent it to his Lady;
 'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town
 To see what words o' Geordie?

When first she look'd the letter on,
 She was baith red an rosy;
 But she had na read a word but twa,
 Till she wallow't like a lily.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
 My menzie a' gae wi' me;
 For I shall neither eat nor drink,
 Till Enbrugh town shall see me?"

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
 Her menzie a'gaed wi' her;
 And she did neither eat nor drink
 Till Enbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
 And syne the aix to head him,
 And Geordie cumin down the stair,
 And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,
 O' airn and steel sae heavy,
 There was na ane in a' the court
 Sae braw a man as Geordie.

She bluidit blythe in her Geordie's face,
 Says, "dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
 But their sud been bluidy bouks on the green,
 Or I had tint my Laddie?"

O she's down on her bended knee,
 I wat she's pale and weary,
 "O pardon, pardon, noble king,
 And gie me back my dearie.

I hae seven helpless bairns,
 The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,
 Pity a waefu' Lady."

"Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,
 Our king reply'd fu' lordly:
 "O noble king, tak a' that's mine,
 But gie me back my Geordie."

The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,
 And they were stark and steady;
 And ay the word amang them a'
 Was, 'Gordons keep you ready?

An aged lord at the king's right hand,
 Says, "noble king, but hear me;
 Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
 And gie her back her dearie?"

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,
 Some gae her dollars many,
 And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,
 And she's gotten again her dearie.

MY NANNY O.

Behind yon hills where Lu_gar flows, 'Mang muirs and mosses
 ma_ny, O, The wintry sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a-
 wa to Nan_ny, O. The west lin win' blows loud and shill, The
 night's baith mirk and rai_ny, O; But I'll get my plaid, and
 out I'll steal, And owre the hills to Nan_ny, O.

My Nanny's charming, sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nanny, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonny, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi'dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanny, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nanny, O.
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nanny O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has na care but Nanny, O.
 Come weel, come wo, I carena by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nanny, O.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on the bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

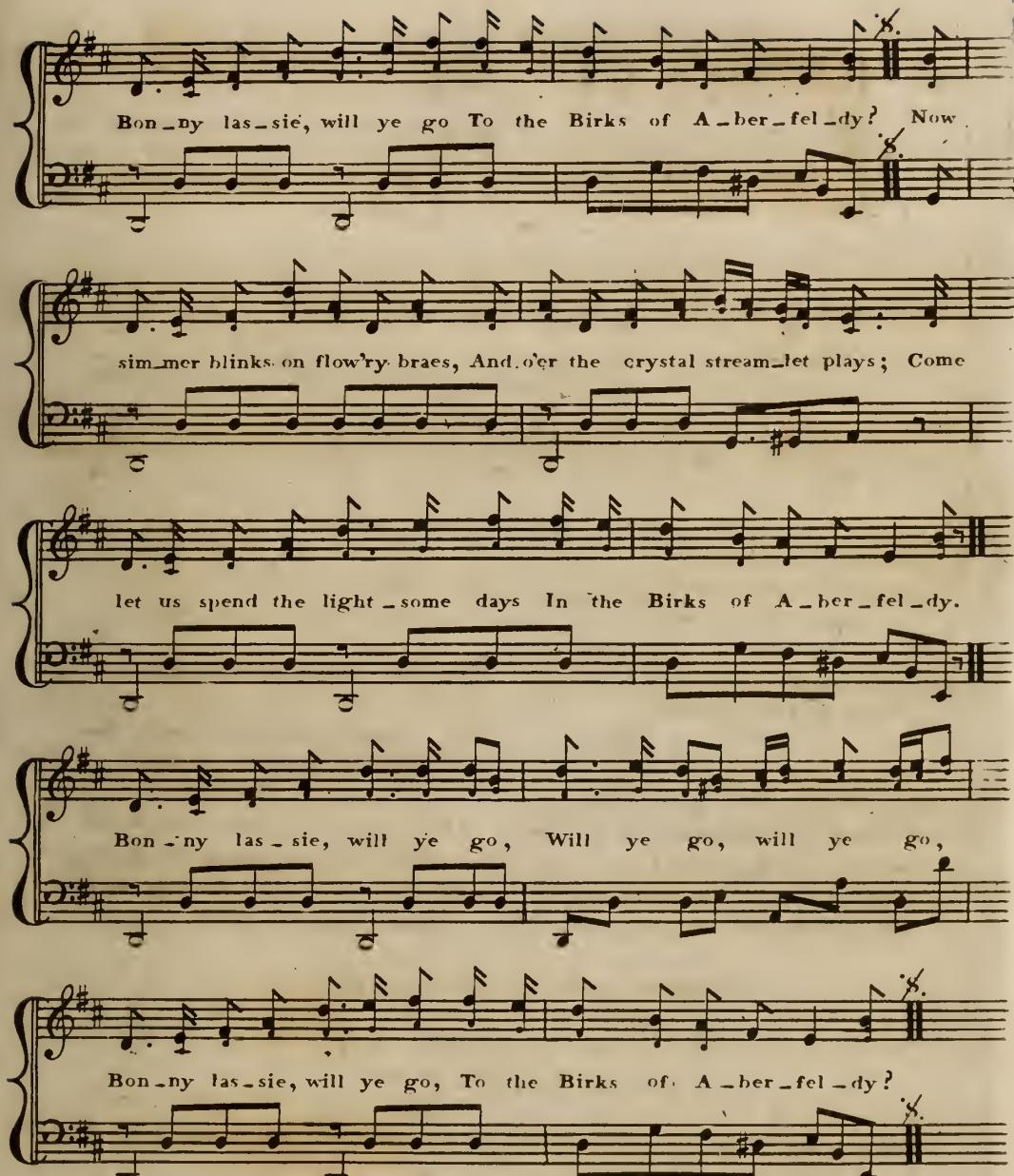
I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
Sac far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate, what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, ochon! O Donald, oh!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the world wide,
Sae wretched now as me.

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.



Bonny lassie, will ye go To the Birks of A-ber-fel-dy? Now
 sim-mer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crystal stream-let plays; Come
 let us spend the light-some days In the Birks of A-ber-fel-dy.

Bonny lassie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonny lassie, will ye go, To the Birks of A-ber-fel-dy?

The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
 Or lightly flit, on wanton wings,
 In the birks of Abersfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And, rising, weets wi' misty show'rs
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,

In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That
 Co-lin, with the mor-ning ray, A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay. Of
 Nan-ny's charms the Shepherd sung, The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung, While
 Ros-lin Cas-tle heard the swain, And e-choed back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O! bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

WHAT SAFTENING THOUGHT'S RESISTLESS START.

Same Air.

What softening thoughts resistless start,
 An' pour their influence o'er the heart!
 What mingling scenes around appear,
 To musing Meditation dear!
 Whan, wae, we tent fair Grandeur's fa',
 By Roslin's ruined Castle wa'
 O, what is pomp? an? what is power?
 The silly phantoms of an hour!

Sac loudly ance, frae Roslin's brow,
 The martial trump o' grandeur blew,
 While steel-clad vassals wont to wait
 Their chieftain at the portalled gate;
 An' maidens fair, in vestments gay,
 Bestrewed wi' flowers the warriors way;
 But now, ah mel how changed the scene!
 Nae trophied ha', nae towers remain.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Slow

Ba-low, my boy, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sair to
 hear thee weep; If thou'lt be si-lent I'll be glad, Thy 'main-ing
 makes my heart fu' sad: Ba-low, my boy, thy Mo-ther's joy, Thy
 Fa-ther bred me 'great an-noy; Ba-low ba-low, ba-
 low, ba-low, ba-low, ba-low, ba-low, lu-li-li lu.

Below, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
Already, in thy looks, I see
Thy Father's smile, thy Father's &c:
Ah! little did I aunc believe,
That sic kind looks could sac deceive.
 . Below, below, &c.

Below, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's in wrangling thee;
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart,
For too soon trusting, latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
 Below, below, &c.

Ballow, my boy, I'll weep for thee!
 Too soon, awake! thoult weep for me:
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum;
 God grant thee patience when they come:
 Thou sorrow brings me to the grave,
 Kind Heaven, on thee' will pity have.
 Ballow, ballow, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Stay, my charmer! can you leave me? Cruel, cruel, to deceive me!

Well you know, how much you grieve me; Cruel charmer, can you go? Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!

MOUNT' AND GO.

Mount and go, mount and make you ready O; Mount and go, and

be a Soldier's Lady O. When the drums do beat, and the cannons

rattle O, I fight for thy dear sake, Nor heed the shock of battle O.

Mount and go, mount and make you ready O; Mount and go, and
be a Soldier's Lady O. When the vanquish'd foe Shall sue for peace and
quiet, Then home-ward I shall go, And with my love en-joy it. No
more the drums shall beat, No more the can-nons rat-tle; The foe shall
then re-treat, For we shall gain the bat-tle O. Mount and go, mount and
make you ready O; Mount and go, And be a Soldier's Lady O.

LASS, GIN YE LOE ME, TELL ME NOW.

I ha'e laid a herring in salt, Lass, gin ye loe me,
 tell me now? I ha'e brew'd a for-pet o' mat, An' I
 ca-na come il-ka day to woo. I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now? I ha'e a pig will
 soon be a sow, An' I ca-na come il-ka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
 And I ca-na come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a benn,
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tak me now?
 I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
 And I ca-na come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happy leg,
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,
 And I ca-na come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a kebboek upon my shelf,
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?
 I downa eat it a' myself,
 And I winna come ony mair to woo.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young man to my dad-die's door, My
 dad-die's door, my dad-die's door; There came a young man to my
 dad-die's door, Came seeking me to woo. And wow, but he was a
 braw young lad, A brisk young lad, a braw young lad; And
 wow, but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

But I was bakin when he came,
 When he came, when he came;
 I took him in and gae him a scone,
 To thow his frozen mou.
 And wow but he, &c.

I set him in aside the bink,
 I gae him bread, and ale to drink;
 And what do ye think? he wad na blink,
 Until he was filled foul.
 And wow but he, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye drucken woer,
 Ye sour-looking, caudrife woer;
 I straightway show'd him to the door,
 Saying, 'come nae mair to woo'
 And wow but he, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door;
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he, I trow,
 And wow but he, &c.

Out came the guidman, and high he shouted,
 Out came the guidwife, and low she louted,
 And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,
 And there lay he I trow.
 And wow but he, &c.

HEY DONALD! HOW DONALD!

Moderately
Slow,
with
Expression.

Tho' sum - mer smiles on bank and brae, And na - ture bids the

heart be gay, Yet a' the joys o' flow - ry May, Wi' plea - sure ne'er can

Chorus.

move me. Hey Don - ald! How Don - ald! Think up - on your vow, Donald!

Mind the lea - ther knowe, Donald, Whare ye vow'd to love me.

The budding rose and scented brier,
The siller fountain skinkling clear,
The merry laverock whistling near,
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.
Hey Donald, &c.

I downa look on bank or brae,
I downa greet where a' are gay;
But, oh! my heart will break wi' wae,
Gin Donald cease to love me.
Hey Donald, &c.

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

Mark yonder pomp of cost - ly fashion, Round the wealthy ti - tled

bride: But, when com-pard with re-al pas-sion, Poor is all that princely
pride. What are the show-y treasures? What are the nois-y pleasures? The
gay, gau-dy glare of va-ni-ty and art: The po-lish'd jew-el's
blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, And court-ly grandeur bright. The
fan-ey may de-light, But ne-ver, ne-ver can come near the heart.

But, did you see my dearest Phillis,
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yon sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day:
O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n av'rice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and a-bout the Martin-mas time, When the
 green leaves were a fall-ing, That Sir John Graham, in the
 west coun-trie, Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling;
 "O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan?"

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 "Young man, I think, you're dying?"

"O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan!
 "O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
 "When ye the cups was fillin',
 That ye made the healths gae round & round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealing;
 'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan?

And slowly, slowly, raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly, left him;
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had left him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell knelling,
 And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell gaeid,
 It cry'd, "woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
 O make it saft and narrow!
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow."

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

When he upon the shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down, and shook him by the hand,
And welcom'd royal Charlie.

Wi' "Oye been lang in coming," &c.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
And O, he was a handsome lad!

Few could compare wi' Charlie.

But, O, he was lang in coming, &c.

O LASSIE I MAUN LO'E THEE.

‘O, Lassie, I maun loe thee,’ ‘O Laddie loe na me?’ ‘O, Lassie, I maun
 loe thee,’ ‘O Laddie loe na me; Loe them wha ha'e their hearts at hame, Mine's lang been far frae me.’

AULD LANG SYNE.

In moderate time.

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And ne-ver brought to-

min? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang-syne?

Chorus.

Ten.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

Bass.

Chorus.

Soprano.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

take a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

take a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
 Sin' auld lang syne,

We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidle'd in the burn
Frae morning sun 'till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
 Sin' auld lang syne;

But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

What guid the present day can gie,
May that be yours and mine;
But beams o' fancy sweetest rest
On auld lang syne.

 On auld lang syne, my dear,
 On auld lang syne;

The bluid is cauld that winna warm
At thoughts o' lang syne.

We twa hae seen the simmer sun,
And thought it aye would shine;
But mony a cloud has come between,
Sin' auld lang syne.

 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,
 Sin' auld lang syne;

But mony a cloud has come between,
Sin' auld lang syne.

But still my heart beats warm to thee,
And sae to me does thine;
Blest be the pow'r that still has left
The frien's o' lang syne.

 O' auld lang syne, my dear,
 O' auld lang syne;

Blest be the pow'r that still has left
The frien's o' lang syne.

Where are you going sweet Robin? What maks you sae proud an'sae shy?
 Lance saw the day, little Robin, My friendship ye did-na de_ny. But winter a_gain
 is returning, An'weather baith stormy an'snell, Gin ye will come back again, Robin, I'll
 feed you wi' moolins mysel. Oh! where are you going, sweet Robin? What maks you sae
 proud an'sae shy? Lance saw the day, little Robin, My friendship ye did-na de_ny.

When Simmer comes in, little Robin -
Forgets a' his friends an' his care;
Awa to the fields flies sweet Robin,
To wander the groves here an' there.
Tho' ye be my debtor, fause burdie,
On you I shall never lay blame,
For I've had as dear friends as Robin,
Wha often has serv'd me the same.
 Oh! where, &c.

I once had a lover like Robin,
 Wha lang for my hand did implore;
At length he took flight, just like Robin,
 And him I ne'er saw any more.
But should the stern blast o' misfortune
 Return him, as winter brings thee;
Tho' slighted by baith, little Robin,
 Yet I baith your fau'ts can forgie.
 Oh! where, &c.

Fare - well, thou stream, that wind - ing flows A -

round Eli - zas dwell - ing; O mem' - ry! spare the cru - el

throes With - in this bo - som swell - ing. Con - demn'd to drag a

hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret lan - guish, To feel a

fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close my an - guish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th'unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd
'Till fears no more had say'd me;
Th'unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling torrents sinks, at last,
In overwhelming ruin.

AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER.

Slow

As I stood by yon roof-less tower, Where the wa-flower
 scents the dew-y air, Where the hou-let morns in her
 i-vy bower, And tells the mid-night moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The toad was howling on the hill,
 And the distant echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown it's hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
 When, lo! in form of Minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd,

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
 But, oh! it was a tale of woe;
 As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang, wi' joy, his former day;
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said, it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

Up and warn a', Wil-lie, Warn, warn a'; To hear my can-ty
 High-lan-d sang Re-late the thing I saw, Wil-lie. When we gaed to the

braes o' Mar, And to the weapon-shaw, Wil-lie, Wi' true de-sign to
 serve the king And banish whigs a-wa, Wil-lie. Up and warn a', Wil-lie,
 Warn, warn a'; For Lords and Lairds were there bedeen, And vow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
 Right fierce the wind did blow, Willie;
 The royal nit upon the tap
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae guude at a', Willie.

But when the army joined at Perth,
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie;
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king, an' a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 The pipers play'd frae right to left
 O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir,
 And there the rebels saw, Willie;
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
 Our flank, and front, and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
 Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
 I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie;
 We baith did fight, and baith did beat,
 And baith did rin awa, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then we to Auchterairder march'd,
 To wait a better fa', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,
 The rebels left did claw, Willie;
 He there the greatest slaughter made,
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 And Whittam turn'd him round for fear,
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ead us a Highland mob,
 And soon he'd slay us a', Willie;
 But we chasd him back to Stirling brig,
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 At length we rallied on a hill
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He streight gaed to Dumblane again,
 And back his left did draw, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then we to Auchterairder march'd,
 To wait a better fa', Willie.

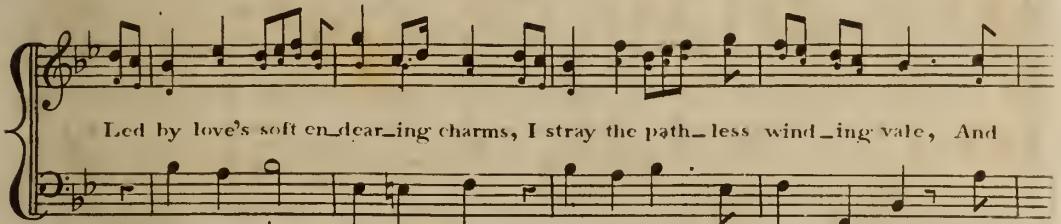
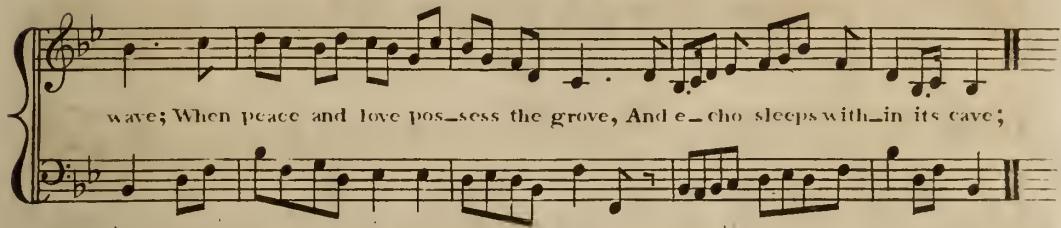
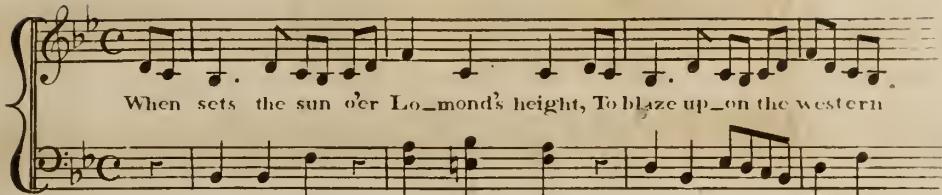
Slowly

By yon eas - tle wa' at the close of the day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was gray, And as he was sing - ing, the tears down came, "There'll ne - ver be peace 'till Jamie comes hame."

"The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars!
 We dare na weel sayt, but we ken wha's to blame;
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame;
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

"Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin I tint my hairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the same,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!"



Her eyes outshine the star of night,
 Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue,
 And pure as flower in summer shade,
 Low bending in the pearly dew;
 Nor flower so fair and lovely pure,
 Shall fate's dark wintry winds assail;
 As angel smile she aye will be
 Dear to the bowers of Ormendale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,
 And wealth to all its votaries give;
 Be mine the rosy smile of love,
 And in its blissful arms to live;
 I would resign fair India's wealth,
 And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,
 For balmy eve and Scotian bower,
 With thee, lov'd maid of Ormendale.

MARCH, AND ON WI' CHARLIE.

Sprightly.

I've heard the muircock's early craw, I've seen the morning's ro-sy daw, But this is blith-est o' them a', To march a-wa wi' Char - lie. Our Scot - tish flags like streamers wave, It's Charlie's sel that leads the brave; Wha win-na flinch, nor fear a grave, But stan' or fa' wi' Char - lie.

There's no a traitor in his Clan,
There's no a heart, there's no a han',
But when the note o' weir is blawn,
Will start, an' on wi' Charlie.
It's wha daur now on Charlie frown,
Or tread our northern thistle down,
For Scotland's right, an' Scotland's Crown,
We'll owre the hills wi' Charlie.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

An' house there stands on Lead-er side, Sur-mount-in' my de-

scrivin, Wi' rooms sae rare, and wi' windows fair, Sae curiously contain-ing.

Men pass-ing by do af-ten cry, In sooth it has nae mar-row, It

stands as sweet on Lead-er side As Newark does on Yar-row.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
Will hear the mavis singing,
Into S^t Leonard's banks sh'll bide,
Sweet birk her head o'er-hinging;
The tintwhite loud, and progne proud,
Wi' tuneful throats and marrow,
Unto S^t Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The Burnmill Bog, and Whitelade shaws,
The fearfu' hare she haunteth;
Brighaugh and Braidwoodshiel she knows,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth;
Yet when she irks, to Kaidly birk,
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader haughs,
And canna win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles cryin'?
The started hare rins hard wi' fear,
Upon her spied relying;
Puir beast, her strength it gaes at length,
Nae bieldin can she borrow;
In Sorrel's fields, Cleekman or Hags
And lang to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
Wi' sight and scent pursue her,
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunnin can rescue her:
O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
She'll rin, the fields a' thorough,
Till faid's, she fa's in Leader-haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknows,
Whare Homes had ance command in,
And Drygrange wi' the milk white ews,
Twixt Tweed and Leader standin';
The Burds that flee thro' Redpath trees,
And Gledswad banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughs,
And bonny howms o' Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn can ne'er assuage
His grief while life endureth,
To see the changes o' this age,
That fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Whare blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
Wi' Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

SILENT AND SAD THE MINSTREL SAT.

O si_lent and sad the min_strel sat, And thought on the days of

yore; He was old,yet he lov'd his na_tive land, Tho' his harp could charm no more.

The winds of hea_ven died a_away, And the moon in the val_ley slept, The

min_strel leand on his old_en harp, And o'er its strains he wept.

In youth he had stood by the Wallace side,
And sung in King Robert's hall,
When Edward vow'd with his English host
Scotland to hold in thrall.
But the Wallace wight was dead and gone,
And Robert was on his death-bed,
And dark was the hall where the minstrel sung
Of chiefs that for Scotia bled.



But oft, as twilight stole o'er the steep,
And the woods of his native vale,
Would the minstrel wake his harp to weep,
And sigh to the mountain galé.

HE'S LIFELESS AMANG THE RUDE BILLOWS.

He's life-less a-mang the rude bil-lows, My tears and my

sighs are in vain; The heart that beat warm for his Jean - ie, Will

ne'er beat for mor-tal a-gain. My lane now I am in the

wold; And the day-light is griev-ous to me; The lad - die that

lo'd me sac-dear-ly, Lies cauld in the deeps o' the sea.

Ye tempests, sac-boist'rously raging,
 Rage on as ye list — or be still —
 This heart ye sac-alten hae sickened,
 Is nae mair the sport o' yere will,
 Now heartless, I hope not — I fear not —
 High Heaven hae pity on me!
 My soul all dismayed and distracted,
 Yet bends to thy awful decree!

A bet-ter ma-son than Lam-mi-kin Ne'er builded wi' the
 stane; He build-ed Earl Ro-bert's house, But wa-ges he gat nane. 'Come
 gie to me, Earl Ro-bert, now, Come gie to me my hyre; Come
 gie to me, Earl Ro-bert, now, Or I'll burn your house wi' fyre.

'Sen ze winnae gie my wages, Lord,
 Ze sall hae cause to rue.'

And syne he brewed a black revenge,
 And syne he vow'd a vow.

* * * * * * * *
 "Now bide at hame, my luve, my life,
 I warde ye bide at hame:

O gang nae to this day's hunting,
 To leave me a' my lane?"

"Zestreene, zestreene, I dream't my bower
 O' red red blude was fu':
 Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
 I sall hae cause to rue?"
 'Quha luiks to dreams, my winsome dame?
 Ze hae nae cause to feare?
 And syne he's kist her comely cheek,
 And syne the starting tear;

And syne he's gane to the guid greenwoode,
 And she to her painted bower,
 And she's gard steek doors, windows, yetts,
 Of castelle, ha', and tower.
 They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,
 Close to the cheek and chin;
 They steeked them a' but a little wicket,
 And Lammikin crap in.

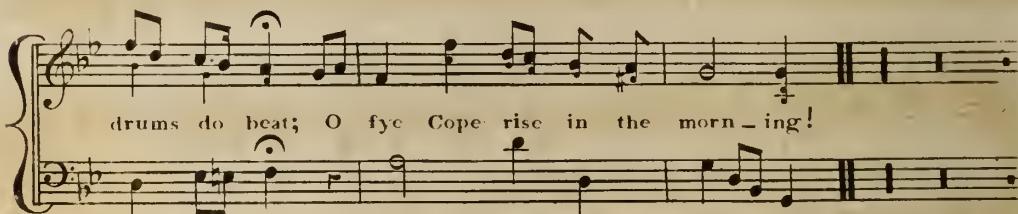
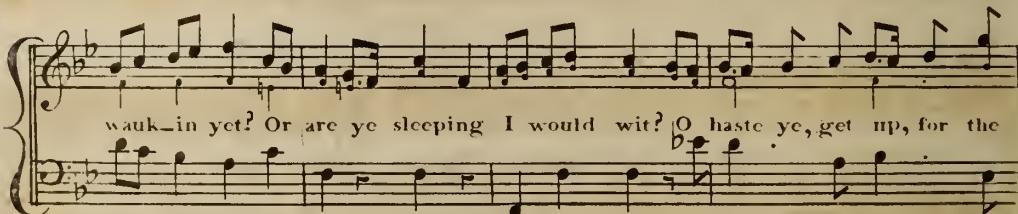
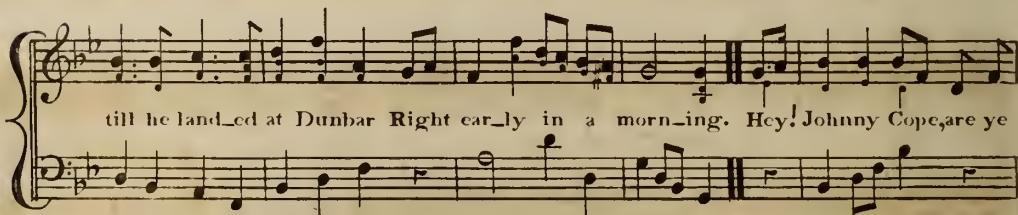
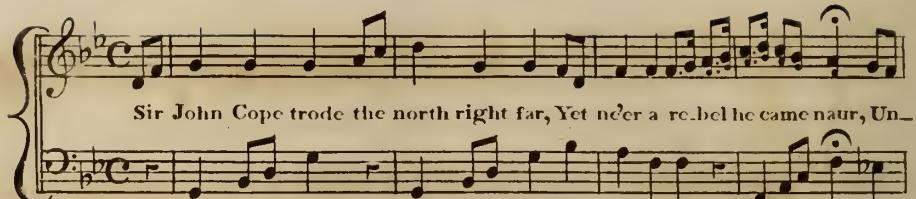
"Now quharis the Ladye o' this castelle,
 Nurse tell to Lammikin?"
 'She's sewing up intill her bowir;
 The fals Nursie sung.
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
 Quhile loud fals Nursie sung;
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
 Quhile hich the red blude sprung.

"O gentil Nursie! please my bairn,
 O please him wi' the keys?"
 'He'll no be pleased, gay ladye,
 Gin I'd sit on my knees."
 "Gude gentil Nursie, please my babe;
 O please him wi' a knife."
 'He winna be pleased, mistress myne,
 Gin I wad lay down my life.'

"Sweet Nursie, loud, loud cries my bairn,
 O please him wi' a bell?"
 'He winna be pleased, gay ladye,
 Till ye cum down yoursel.'
 And quhen she saw the red, red blude,
 A loud scrich scriched she,
 "O monster, monster spare my bairn,
 Wha never skaithed thee!"

"O spare, gif in yere bluidy briest,
 Albergs not heart o' stane!
 O spare! and ye soll hae o' gowd
 Quhat ze can carrie hame?"
 'Dame, I want not your gowd,' he said;
 'Dame, I want not your fee;
 I hae been wrang'd by your Lord,
 Ze soll black vengeance drie.'

Earl Robert he came hame at night,
 And a' was dark around;
 But when he came to his castelle,
 Owre mickle light he found.
 O lang, lang, may Earl Robert rue,
 He paid nae masons hyre,
 Ladye and Heir he saw nae mair,
 His castelle rockit wi' fyre.



He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
 'Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;
 If it be not by the chance of war,
 I'll give you a merry morning?
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "So Heaven restore me to my own,
 "I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning?"
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
 Sir Johnny march'd to Preston town,
 He says, 'my lads 'come lean you down,
 And we'll fight the boys in the morning?
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

But when he saw the Hightland lads,
 Wi' tartan trews and white cockads,
 Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gands,
 O Johnny, he took wing in the morning.
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,
 Crying for a man of war;
 He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
 And gotten awa in the morning.
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Sir Johnny into Berwick rade,
 Just as the deil had been his guide,
 Gien him the world he woud na stay'd
 To foughten the boys in the morning.
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 "O what's become of all your men?"
 "In faith, says he, I dinna ken,
 I left them a' this morning?
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, "ye are na blate,
 To bring us the news o' your defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the gate;
 Get out o' my sight this morning!"
 Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

When I left thee, bon_nie Scotland, O thou wert fair to see!

Fresh as a bon_nie bride in the morn, When she maun wed_ded be.

When I came back to thee Scot_land, Up_on a May morn fair, A

bon_nie lass sat at our town end, Kam ing her yel_low hair.

“Oh hey! oh hey!” sung the bonnie lass,

“Oh hey! and wae is me!

There's siccán sorrow in Scotland,

As een did never see.

Oh hey! oh hey, for my father auld!

Oh hey, for my mither dear!

And my heart will burst for the bonnie lad

Wha left me lanesome here?”

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,

When a' folk are asleep,

And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave,

An hour or twa to weep.

O fatherless and mitherless,

Without a ha' or hame,

I maun wander through my dear Scotland,

And bide a traitor's blame.

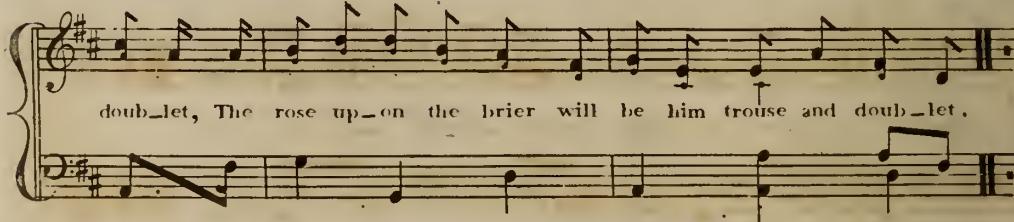
WEE WILLIE GRAY.

Lively

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet; Peel a willow wand, to



be him boots and jacket; The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and

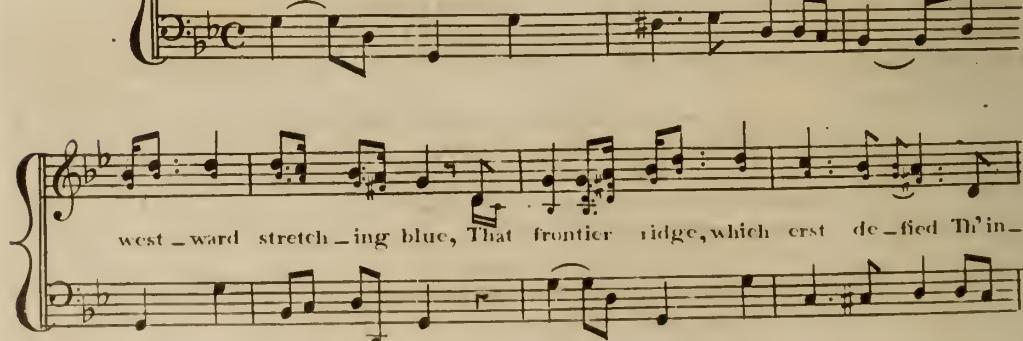


Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.



THE COVENANTERS' TOMB.

Oh 'tis a heart-stirring sight to view, Far to the



va - der's march, th' op - press - sor's pride. The blood - y field, for
many an age, Of ri - val na - tions' waste - ful rage; In lat - ter
times a re - fuge giv'n, To ex - ilies in the cause of heavn.

Far inland, where the mountain crest
Overlooks the waters of the west,
And 'midst the moorland wilderness,
Dark moss - cheughs form a drear recess;
Curtain'd with ceaseless mists, which feed
The sources of the Clyde and Tweed;
There injured Scotland's patriot band,
For Faith and Freedom made their stand;

When traitor kings, who basely sold
Their country's fame for Gallic gold,
Too abject o'er the free to reign,
Warn'd by a father's fate in vain —
In bigot fury trampled down
The race who oft preserved their crown —
There, worthy of his masters, came
The despots' champion, bloody Graham.

The human bloodhounds of the earth,
To hunt the peasant from his hearth!
Tyrants! could not misfortune teach,
That man has rights beyond your reach?
Thought ye the torture, and the stake,
Could that intrepid spirit break;
Which even in woman's breast withstood
The terrors of the fire and flood?

Yes — though the sceptir's tongue deride
Those martyrs who, for conscience died;
Though modish history blight their fame,
And sneering courtiers hoot the name
Of men, who dared alone be free
Amidst a nation's slavery, —
Yet long for them the poet's lyre
Shall wake its notes of heavenly fire.

Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand,
Up raised to save a sinking land;
And piety shall learn to burn
With holier transports o'er their urn!
Sequester'd haunts! — so still — so fair,
That holy Faith might worship there, —
The shaggy gorse and brown heath wave
O'er many a manless warrior's grave.

Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye
 gang to the Hie-lands wi' me? Will ye gang to the
 Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? My pride and my dar-ling to be.

O ye are the bonniest maiden,
 The flower o' the west country;
 O gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be.

I've goud an' I've gear, Leezie Lindsay,
 And a heart that loves only but thee;
 They a' shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,
 Gin ye my lov'd darling will be.

She has gotten a gown o' green Satin,
 And a bonny blythe bride is she,
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
 His pride and his darling to be.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

When sung by 2 Voices.

"Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Leezie Lindsay?
 "Will ye gang to the Hie-lands wi' me?
 "Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Leezie Lindsay?
 "My pride and my darling to be?

"Oh, Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little;
 "Syn ye dinna ken me,
 "For I am Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
 "A Chieftain o' high degree?

"To gang to the Hie-lands wi' you, Sir,
 "I dinna ken how that may be,
 "For I ken nae the road I am gaeing,
 "Nor yet wha I'm gaun wi?"

"Oh, if ye're the Laird o' Mac Donald,
 "A great ane I ken ye maun be;
 "But how can a chieftain sae mighty
 "Think o' a puir lassie like me?"

She has gotten a gown o' green Satin,
 She has kilted it up to her knee,
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
 His bride and his darling to be.

All love-ly on the sul-trey beach, Ex-pir-ing

Stre-phon lay, No hand the cor-dial draught to reach, Nor

hear the gloo-my way. - Ill fa-ted youth! no

pa-rent nigh To catch thy fleet-ing breath, No bride to

fix thy swim-ming eye, Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene
 Thy parents sit at ease,
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
 And all the spring, to please.
 Ill fated youth! by fault of friend,
 Not force of foe, depress'd,
 Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
 Thy country, unredress'd.

O, TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Chos.

O, Tibbie, I hae seen the day, Ye wad na been sae shy; For
lack o' gear ye lightly me; But, trowth, I care na by. Ye-
streen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed by like stoure; Ye
geck at me be-cause I'm poor, But sient a hair care I. Repeat
the Chos.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a briar,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or leär,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

